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Incident in the Cold Twilight

THE only thing we know about the American naval plane, which crashed last week in the Baltic, is that we shall never know for certain what really happened to it. Was it shot down over the Russian naval base at Libau? Or did it crash accidentally near Bornholm? Did the pilot lose his way on a routine plane flight, or was he engaged on reconnaissance during the Russian naval manœuvres? In the Cold War, every theory is possible; but truth remains blankly unascertainable because there is no tribunal or authority to which the incident can be referred for an impartial sifting of the facts. Such mysterious incidents are bound to multiply and become part of our everyday routine if the present twilight between peace and war is accepted as the new normalcy. Then, sooner or later, one incident, no graver than its predecessors, will be arbitrarily selected by fate to become the occasion of a Third World War.

Mr. Churchill reassures us that he does not expect another war. Certainly neither Mr. Truman nor Marshal Stalin is intending to make war; indeed both dread the prospect. But about a world arbitrarily divided into two armed camps, with no clearly recognised frontiers, and dominated by men who are equally scared of the prospect of either war or peace breaking out—about such a world, reassurances even from Mr. Churchill are of little value. If we console ourselves with the thought that Hitler's war was deliberately planned and could be clearly foreseen, we should remember that this was not true of 1914. We drifted into the First World War from a Balkan incident through a series of political warfare manœuvres and defensive mobilisations. We may easily drift into the next war, in much the same way.

The lesson, therefore, of this mysterious Baltic incident is clear enough. It exposes the self-deception of those who are busily trying to convince us that a peace settlement with Russia is now out of the question, and that Western Europe can well afford to do without it. We must, they argue, follow the Roman pattern, construct the frontier-limit of civilisation from Copenhagen to Trieste, man it with a European army including the Western Germans, and then behind its stout defences build up our own Western peace. It is a romantic prospect which may well seem attractive to those who look at Europe from across the Atlantic. But, before any Western European accepts it as a substitute for a negotiated settlement, he should study the fate of his ancestors who put their faith in a Roman peace secured by Roman walls.

Agreement—in Delhi

In the other, even more intense, Cold War, which involves the four hundred million people of India and Pakistan, a courageous and hopeful step has been taken towards settlement. If Pandit Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan had continued to refuse to meet and waited for further "frontier incidents," war and misery on a vast scale would have developed within a few weeks or months. Everyone knows that the Pakistan Premier is cool-headed and reasonable, and that the Indian Premier, passionately concerned though he is about Kashmir, is above all anxious for communal peace. In view of the inflamed condition of public opinion, however, it was not easy for these two statesmen to meet and produce a joint settlement which squarely faces the facts of the Bengal situation. More striking still was their courage in telling their respective Parliaments that they believed each in the honourable determination of the other fully to carry out the programme of pacification on which they had agreed.

Only less terrible than the danger of open war between the two Dominions was the threat of a repetition of the 1946 story of communal murders and mass migrations. To meet the situation three things were immediately required. First, the two Premiers had equally and convincingly to repudiate the fanaticism of extremists who wished to turn India and Pakistan into "theocratic States." If the process which has led, for instance, to the flight of two million Hindus from East Pakistan since 1946 was to be stopped, it was necessary to convince vast numbers of ignorant and frightened people that religious minorities would be protected. Therefore the Premiers declare that both India and Pakistan "have solemnly accepted the principle of a secular State with full democratic rights for all." The second step was to devise machinery by which minorities would be protected in future and refugees reinstated. Such machinery, involving Commissions containing representatives of both Dominions, and arrangements for visits of Ministers to the territories, are now to be set up. Both minorities are warned that they must look for protection to their own Governments and not to communal allies over the border.

The crux lies in the third necessity. Will this fine machinery be used? Will the populations believe what they are told? Clearly, as Nehru has said, an immediate and complete settlement

cannot be expected. Much will depend on a change in attitude of the press in both countries. A fortnight ago, with complete impartiality, we wrote that "in India and Pakistan alike, excitement, threats of violence and counter-violence and rumours of war have gone to unprecedented lengths." We spoke, only too truly, of the irresponsibility of newspapers in both Dominions. In one respect, however, we were out of date. The Muslim paper *Dawn*, which has brooked no rival on the sub-Continent either in brilliance or in violence, has recently been outdone in irresponsible chauvinism by Calcutta papers, which have been openly warmongering and even carrying out "war polls." Nor does the future depend only on a change in the attitude of the press. Politicians have special responsibilities. We must not exaggerate the importance of the resignation of the two Bengali members of the Indian Cabinet and we can find some comfort in the thought that Sirdar Patel, who has much influence with Hindu extremists, is jointly responsible with Nehru for this bid for peace.

Pandit Nehru rightly says that "we have stopped ourselves at the edge of the precipice." That is a relief, but one cannot remain long at the edge of a precipice. The next step, after the pacification of Bengal, is clearly to seek a settlement of other outstanding differences between the two Dominions. Of these Kashmir is the most urgent and it is good that the Security Council has obtained the agreement of both India and Pakistan for the appointment of Sir Owen Dixon, a member of the Australian High Court, to act as mediator in the demilitarisation of Kashmir that must precede the promised plebiscite.

Tito and Trieste

Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, has suggested that Marshal Tito should hand over Zone B—the Yugoslav-controlled segment of the Free Territory of Trieste—to Italy. To this Marshal Tito's newspapers have replied with fire and brimstone. The question now arises as to which side started this latest bout in a fight which has shown no lack of hard hitting since it began in 1945, and why? It is possible that the Italians have interpreted Western policy—especially in the light of the absence of Western protest at the introduction of the Yugoslav dinar in Zone B—as tending now to bargain with Marshal Tito for eventual cession to Zone B to Yugoslavia. It is possible that the Western Powers want to show Tito that they can still be awkward over matters dear to his heart—Slovene nationalism being one of these—if he, in his turn, is determined to be awkward over other matters: for instance, over the terms of projected United States loans to Yugoslavia. It is also possible that Marshal Tito is forcing the pace over the Free Territory, this being an issue in which he can prove to doubters at home that he really has maintained his independence of Western imperialism.

Wherever the truth may lie, there can be little doubt where the balance of bargaining strength is to be found. While the Americans can count on having the present Italian Government securely in their pockets, they can be far less sure of Marshal Tito. It would be only natural that Belgrade should now seek to capitalise its "Cold War" value to the West, although a demand for Zone B may well be more than the Western Powers could afford to pay. It is no less to be expected, in all the circumstances, that Western diplomacy should try to strengthen its anti-Soviet Balkan positions. A *rapprochement* between Belgrade and Athens is being actively pursued. There are reports of high-level conversations in Switzerland between Greek and Yugoslav representatives. Marshal Tito has told *The Times* that he could co-operate with a Greek Government headed by Plastiras; and Ambassador Grady in Athens has vetoed the present Government of Venizelos. Possibly it was signs of American eagerness to offer rewards to Marshal Tito that alarmed Rome, and caused Count Sforza to seize the initiative in demanding Zone B for Italy.

Lower Food Subsidies?

The arithmetic of the changes in subsidised food prices announced by Mr. Webb before Easter is clear enough, but the implications of the policy which they represent are not. By reducing the subsidies on feed and fertilisers, the Treasury saves £43 millions, less about £12 millions spent in giving farmers increased prices for meat and milk. By raising the retail prices of butter by 4d. and bacon by 2d. per lb., a saving of £18 millions is forecast. Thus it would appear that, with the aid of the farmers' contribution, a total saving of about £50 millions is being effected in subsidies at the expense of a one-point rise in the cost of living index.

Mr. Webb was probably wise to concentrate his savings on two commodities; and, since margarine is a tolerable and much cheaper substitute, we see no serious objection to the increased price of butter, which will be in any case not unduly expensive at 1s. 10d. per lb. The case for raising bacon prices to 2s. 5d. per lb. seems to us more doubtful. But the real question is whether these particular reductions in the rate of subsidy are being made with the intention of securing, over the whole range of price-controlled foodstuffs, as much stability as possible within the limits of the £465 million ceiling imposed last year on food subsidies, or whether, as seems possible, the intention is to bring the total cost of subsidies down to, say, £400 million. We trust that this is not the policy which is being adopted; for, if larger supplies of some subsidised foodstuffs become available, the margin which Mr. Webb now seems to have in hand will be needed to finance their marketing, if further price increases are to be avoided.

The Dollar Reserve

A year ago, the mild recession which developed in the United States, and led to a decline of little more than 4 per cent. in the gross national product, produced a much more drastic curtailment of manufacturers' stocks and of imports of raw materials from the sterling area. The result was a foreign payments crisis which drove Britain to devalue the pound. Since then, American business has picked up: there has been considerable re-stocking, and the activity of the building and automobile industries has been sufficient to keep consumption of materials at a fairly high level. In consequence, though Britain herself is not earning more dollars than a year ago by exports to the United States, the Chancellor was able to announce last week that the balance of payments position or the sterling area as a whole has greatly improved.

It is true that part of the improvement is seasonal: the January-March quarter is the main season for U.S. imports of wool and cocoa. With this qualification, however, it is welcome news that the sterling area had a net dollar surplus of $40 millions in the quarter, as compared with a deficit of $31 millions in the last quarter of 1949, and of $330 millions a year ago. This meant that receipts from Marshall Aid and from our Canadian credit could be placed in the reserve, which rose to nearly $2,000 millions.

It is by no means certain that the remaining nine months of the year will make so favourable a showing: apart from seasonal factors, receipts from Marshall Aid will be smaller, countries in the sterling area other than the U.K. may not be so economical as they seem to have been in their purchases from the dollar area, and the initial advantages of devaluation cannot be relied on to persist indefinitely. All that can safely be said is that the sterling area's dollar gap now looks much more manageable provided there is no economic setback in the United States. If such a setback occurs—and despite the immediate activity in building and automobiles, forecasts of employment and consumption are not wholly encouraging—a sterling area dollar reserve of $2,000 million may be quickly eaten away.

The Trade Union Front

Over Easter, the Engineers, the Teachers, and the Distributive Workers have united to knock more nails into the policy of wage-restraint. The Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Trades Unions has refused to modify its ballot paper, with its reference to possible strike action, at the request of the Ministry of Labour. The National Union of Teachers has carried, against its Executive, a resolution both calling for speedy action to secure a rise in salaries and protesting against the Burnham Committee's policy of taking into account any consideration that is not its business—i.e., anything other than the justice of the teachers' claim. U.S.D.A.W. has also censured its executive for voting in favour of the official policy of wage-restraint at the recent Trade Union Conference.

The Engineers' and the Teachers' actions both raise big questions. The Teachers are very pertinently asking whether Arbitration Tribunals are independent bodies, pledged to decide in the light of the case presented to them, or mere servants of the Government, to be expected to act in accordance with the Government's wishes. If they are the former, arbitration can still be regarded as part of the machinery of collective bargaining: if the latter, we are in danger of slipping into Government wage-fixing without any clear understanding of the principles by which it is to be guided. The Shipbuilders and Engineers, for their part, are challenging the view that compulsory arbitration is still in force, and that a trade union has no right to issue a strike threat. They are not, we believe,

breaking the law, as some have suggested: that would be the case only if they were actually to call a strike without first giving the Minister of Labour a chance to intervene. But they are challenging the view that the official strike, as a weapon, is to be ruled out; and they are, of course, telling the Government that their members are too restive to be held back any longer by considerations of national emergency unless *something* is done to meet their claims.

Skorzeny and the Communists

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The French Communists have been very much in the limelight. First there has been the demonstration, leading to a battle with the police, outside the *Figaro* building—in protest against the publication of the self-glorifying memoirs of Skorzeny, the S.S. thug who in 1943 arranged the "kidnapping" of Mussolini, and was one of Hitler's most trusted servants. Various associations of Frenchmen, who had been deported to Nazi concentration camps, have supported the Communists in their protest against this "glamourisation".

Just as the Champs-Elysees demonstration was intended to show that the C.P. was in the front rank of those defending "the honour and dignity of France," so, at their Congress at Genevilliers last week, the Communist leaders claimed that the C.P. was the only Party that had the real interests of France at heart. Throughout the Congress, there was the suggestion that, even if the C.P. was not driven underground, it might well be almost excluded from Parliament through all the other Parties ganging up against it in the next election, which, as one speaker said, "would mean the disenfranchisement of 30 per cent. of the population." One of the biggest coming drives will be to popularise the Communists, not least among the peasantry, as the "only French peace party."

Joliot Curie announced that progressive French scientists would do nothing to help to prepare war against the Soviet Union, and added that the Soviet Union "was certainly not behind America in its work on the H-Bomb." Signatures are to be collected demanding the outlawing of all atomic weapons. The Communists also demand the withdrawal of the French troops from Indo-China. Further, they intend to encourage strikes which would render difficult the unloading of American arms in French ports, and the dispatch of arms to Indo-China.

The general "toughening" of their line on all scores has been accompanied by a number of changes in the leadership of the Party and of the local federations, but apart from the demotion of Ramette, who is now merely a member of the Central Committee, but not of the Politbureau, these changes are not spectacular. "Political consciousness" is declared to be more important than the mere struggle for higher wages. Although the Communists are invited by their leaders to cultivate the friendship of the Socialist and Catholic rank-and-file, the impression one has is that the C.P. chiefs are less concerned to-day with gaining mass-support for the C.P. than with building up a highly organised Party with a very hard core, with iron discipline, and ready to cope with all kinds of difficult situations, many of which they clearly foresee. The purging of Communists from all responsible positions is, of course, being widely advocated by the Right, as well as the virtual outlawing of the Party. It is not as easy a matter as, say, in the U.S.A., with one Frenchman out of three voting Communist. "Taking instructions from Moscow" is no longer regarded as discreditable, say the wits, "since the others take their orders from Washington, anyway."

A Socialist Budget?

THE Budget which Sir Stafford Cripps will present to Parliament on Tuesday will be of more than usual interest. Not only will his proposals have an important influence in shaping the national economy for the coming year, and determining how much we shall consume, how many of us will be employed; the broad lines of fiscal policy on which the Budget is based will give a decisive indication of the way in which the Labour Party's leadership will seek, when the occasion arises, a new mandate from the electors. The political significance of the Chancellor's speech may be as great as its economic consequences.

So far as arithmetic goes, the framework within which Sir Stafford has to do his initial calculations is known in advance—at least, broadly speaking. Having failed to secure a reduction below £780 millions in the monstrously inflated bill for Defence, the Chancellor is faced with Supply Estimates which amount, when allowance is made for the merited increase in national assistance rates announced before Easter, to well over £2,900 millions. This means that, if he allots to the Consolidated Fund Services about the same as last year, he must provide for total "ordinary" expenditure of £3,450, or a little more. In addition, he must find at least £350 millions—it may be more nearly £400 millions—for the so-called "below-the-line" items, such as advances to municipalities for housing and other purposes, war damage payments and so forth.

On the other side of the accounts, it seems reasonable to assume that, when losses from last year's tax remissions are set against the natural rise in direct tax yields, the Chancellor can count, without undue optimism, on obtaining from existing taxes a revenue not far short of £3,950. In that event, his prospective "ordinary" surplus would lie between the limits of £450 and £500 millions. Expectations, however, of tax relief on anything like that scale would be quite unwarrantably sanguine. Though he has power to cover by borrowing such "below-the-line" items as loans to local authorities, it is most unlikely that Sir Stafford would dream of reversing "disinflation" to this extent; indeed, it can be safely inferred from the *Economic Survey* that he has no such intention. The real question is whether he will once again budget for an "over-all" surplus, or decide—rightly, in our opinion—to content himself with meeting, but no more than meeting, both "ordinary" and extra-budgetary expenditure by tax revenue. If he decides, as we hope, on the latter course, it follows from the figures given above that the amount he can allocate to tax remissions lies between the limits of £50 millions and £150 millions, unless he takes countervailing steps to fortify his revenue.

One can think readily of minor adjustments which the Chancellor may make without significant effect on his final balance. For instance, there is a case for applying to all cars, irrespective of age, the flat rate of £10 Vehicle Duty now enjoyed (illogically) by new models, and for making good the loss of revenue by a small increase—perhaps a penny a gallon—in the tax on petrol. Possibly, too, the Treasury would recoup itself out of increased consumption if addicts to "the pint" were granted another fraction off the Excise duty on beer. There are, however, more serious claimants for tax relief who cannot be satisfied except at the cost of substantial loss of revenue. The effects of devaluation on the price of clothing and household utensils will be increasingly felt this summer. When we add this to the higher prospective cost of several foodstuffs as a result of the decision to pass on to the consumer part of the higher prices conceded to farmers, the arguments in favour of lightening the tax burden in favour of the lower-income group appears to us to be overwhelming.

This end could be attained, in part, by remissions of Purchase Tax, whose incidence is undesirably regressive when it is applied to articles of common consumption. We would urge, however, that there is an even stronger case for increasing the personal and children's allowances in the assessment of income tax on earned incomes, or alternatively—for the cost would be very heavy—extending the family allowance to five shillings a week to cover the first child. Finally—apart from the possibility that Sir Stafford may think it advisable to temper the wind now blowing somewhat coldly on the entertainment industry—a modest step in lowering the age when post-war credits become cashable would be welcome and just.

If the Chancellor is to take action on a scale which is socially or politically worth while in the directions we have suggested, it is clear that he must be prepared to give away, with one hand, a sum which cannot be less than £200 millions. We have indicated, however, that—even if he forgoes the "over-all" surplus which has characterised the last two Budgets, and has piled up since 1948 to well over £400 millions—he will have no more than £150 millions, and may have as little as £50 millions, in hand wherewith to exercise benevolence. It follows that, if he is to produce a Budget which will both win votes and—to put it less crudely—satisfy the demands of social justice, he must be prepared to steepen still further the rates of Estate Duty—at any rate on capital values exceeding, say, £15,000—and to stiffen appreciably surtax rates, at least on unearned incomes. These steps might well be accompanied by a drastic and salutary increase in stamp duty on transfers of capital.

In short, as matters stand—with the majority of the trade unions now openly opposed to the wage-stop, and "wage-restraint" becoming more and more difficult to maintain—a Labour Chancellor can hardly frame a Budget without proceeding farther along the road towards redistribution of wealth and the levelling down of "peaks"—still conspicuous enough in the West End of London—in personal expenditure. Such a Budget demands faith in Socialism and faith in the working class. If this is not forthcoming from the Chancellor, the prospects both of industrial peace and of a Labour Government with a workable majority will be very dim.

As China Sees It

THE agreements announced a fortnight ago by which the Chinese and the Russians will jointly develop the resources of Sinkiang and operate a joint air company on three routes between Pekin and the cities of Soviet Central Asia suggest dynamic changes across thousands of miles of desert, steppe and forest, where time has stood still since the 13th-century Empire of the Great Khan. Sinkiang, China's largest province, shares a frontier of more than a thousand miles with the Soviet Union. The peoples on both sides are alike; they are mainly Turkis or Kazakhs—which makes for co-operation. The Kuomintang Government, weakened by war and disintegration, paid little attention to Sinkiang; an occasional flood of blue-prints was dictated more by political warfare than by serious economic plan. On the other hand, the great economic and social advance of Russia's Central Asian Republics was an encouragement to neighbouring Sinkiang, while the direction of rivers and the Turksib Railway provided a natural outlet for her trade. And, at times, the Russians exerted political as well as economic control.

Last December, after a peaceful occupation by the Chinese Communist armies, a State Administrative Council of the Central Peoples' Government was set up in Sinkiang. The chairman outlined its duties as the transformation of the old organs of power; the convening of representative conferences at all levels to organise industrial and agricultural production and cattle breeding; the strengthening of popular education to develop the culture and art of the people; and the building of a health administration.

In the Northern provinces, oil and mineral resources will now be developed by Sino-Soviet joint-stock companies which will share control, expenses and products alike for the next 30 years. The few existing towns are less than 200 miles from the Turksib railway, which links up the new cities of Soviet Central Asia; in the opposite direction, the nearest railway in China is 1,400 miles away. Transport is the key to future development, and the first step taken is to link Pekin with Chita, Irkutsk and Alma-Ata, by a jointly managed railway.

Mr. Acheson sees in these projects a Russian plan to annex parts of China. The Chinese, on the other hand, will inevitably compare these equal agreements with the unequal treaties enforced on them in the early days by Western Powers; the concentration of Western investments along the Yangtse, where transport was cheap and profits were quick; the reluctance of the West to build railways because of their heavy capital investment and slowness of return; the subordination of Chinese interests to Western shareholders. Those days are over. Hostile statements like Mr. Acheson's suggesting suspicious secret agreements only widen the gap between China and the West; they confirm Communist propaganda in Pekin and in Moscow, which declares that America has aggressive designs in Asia; they underline the collapse of America's interventionist policy in China and the loss of 450 million customers long assumed by Wall Street to be "in the bag."

If we are to maintain friendly relations with China, we must recognise facts. To begin with, the Chinese won their revolution by their own efforts, not by Russian help. True, the Chinese Communists learnt much of their ideology from the Soviet Union. "The salvoes of the October Revolution," Mao Tse-tung said in Moscow two months ago, "carried to us a knowledge of Marxism-Leninism." But the Chinese Communists fully appreciated the differences as well as the similarities between the traditions of their own country and those of their Soviet neighbour. And Mao's *New Democracy* takes first place in the literature of his party and is the handbook of political training for its members.

Almost equally important is the need for us to ask ourselves how Soviet policy looks through Chinese eyes. The Russians were the first to end unequal treaties; they used their influence to save Chiang Kai-shek's life in 1936; within a month of Japan's attack in 1937, they signed a non-aggression pact and supplied China with arms and aircraft and loans, remaining her chief source of supplies even after 1939. When Stalin signed a Neutrality Pact with Matsuoka in 1941, he assured Chiang Kai-shek that this would not affect Sino-Soviet relations, and the course of subsequent trade shows that he kept his word.

In 1944, when Chiang Kai-shek's armies were diverted from the Japanese front to fight the Chinese Communists in the Border Regions, Molotov told General Hurley in Moscow that the U.S.S.R. would continue to support the Chinese National Government. Stalin repeated this statement a year later. And when T. V. Soong went to Moscow in August 1945 to sign the Sino-Soviet Agreement, Molotov is reported to have assured him that the Soviet Government "regarded the Communists in China as a sort of farmer-labour group and that Moscow regarded the problem (of the civil war) as a Chinese domestic question."

On the assumption of Japan's defeat by the Allies, Soviet war aims seem not to have gone further than the terms of the agreement which Stalin had already discussed with Churchill and Roosevelt at Yalta in February 1945, when the question of Russia's entry into the war was planned. It gave her a guarantee against a resurgent hostile Japan, the use of Dairen as an ice-free port, of Port Arthur as a naval base jointly with China, the joint development of the Chinese-Changchun railway and the independence of Outer Mongolia if so decided by a plebiscite—as it clearly would be. Stalin told Harry Hopkins three months later that the reconstruction of China would have to depend largely on the United States, since Russia would be preoccupied with her own reconstruction. He added that he would propose no alteration over the sovereignty of Manchuria or any other part of China, either Sinkiang or elsewhere; that Chiang Kai-shek was the only Chinese leader qualified to undertake the unification of China; that the Chinese Communists were not "as good or as well" qualified to undertake the task; and that he would welcome Chinese civilian participation in the administrative "taking over" of Manchuria.

The post-war pattern of China was largely determined by American efforts to use their policy both in China and in Japan as a weapon against the U.S.S.R. The Russians played no part in the long-drawn-out negotiations between the Communists and the Kuomintang. The Americans, on the other hand, played an active part in "working out a *modus vivendi* which would avert civil war but nevertheless preserve and even increase the influence of the National Government." They, not the Russians, were the arbiters of China's fate. The sincere efforts of General Marshall could only have succeeded if the Americans had been prepared to make their loans and supplies to the Kuomintang contingent upon an honest administration and large-scale reforms. And that would have involved a miracle—if not a revolution.

The Russian reaction to American policy was to suggest to Chiang Kai-shek in January 1946 that specified coal mines, power plants, steel and cement works in Manchuria should be jointly operated by China and the U.S.S.R., and they proposed to hand over to China a part of the Japanese enterprises which they had regarded as war booty. Chiang Kai-shek turned down the offer on the grounds that it was contrary to the 1945 Sino-Soviet Treaty. The Americans strongly protested to both Governments, saying that:

> When free access to Manchuria is not open to nationals of other Powers and equality of opportunity in seeking participation in the economic development of Manchuria is denied Americans and other nationals, it is felt that negotiation of agreements between the Chinese and Russian Governments with regard to industries in Manchuria would be contrary to the principle of the Open Door, would constitute clear discrimination against Americans who might wish an opportunity to participate in the development of Manchurian industry and might place American commercial interests at a distinct disadvantage in establishing future trade relations with Manchuria.

This was the first crisis in Soviet-American relations in China. From that time onwards, strategic considerations seem to have been the main motive of American policy. While American transports conveyed thousands of Kuomintang troops to strategic points in Manchuria, the withdrawal of Soviet forces in some areas enabled the local Communists to take over from the Japanese. So much has been made of the fact that Japanese arms fell into Communist hands that it is well also to recall that the area is enormous and the pattern of victory and retreat by no means uniform; that large numbers of arms were taken over by the Kuomintang; that the local Communist Resistance was by no means always friendly to the Soviet armies and that it fought against the Kuomintang troops only when they arrived with American aid and equipment. As for the Russians, their behaviour was to correct that the Red Army twice postponed its retreat from Manchuria at the request of Chiang Kai-shek. As late as January 1946 Madame Chiang Kai-shek, when decorating Soviet soldiers, paid

tribute to Stalin's "military genius and far-sighted statesmanship". A month later, on Red Army Day, the Generalissimo sent a hopeful message to Stalin about the peaceful reconstruction of the world in which both Powers would co-operate. The era of Cold War had not yet begun.

Russia and Kuomintang China remained on good terms until September 1946 when Gromyko first expressed Soviet anger at the presence of American troops in China. In March, 1947, Molotov made an effort to settle the problems relating to China's civil war by proposing to the Council of Foreign Ministers in Moscow that this should be an item on the agenda. The Americans and the Chinese turned down the suggestion. The Chinese Communists broadcast their support and, in asking that they should also be represented, made their first official line-up with Moscow.

The rest of the story is now well known. No one—not the Russians, not the Americans, not the Chinese Communists themselves—foresaw the speed at which, by an unbroken series of victories in 1948 and 1949, the whole mainland would come under Communist control. The Peoples' Liberation Army won by their own efforts and because the Chinese people would no longer fight for the old regime. In building a new society, a new economy, they will necessarily look mainly, though not exclusively, to their Soviet neighbour. Molotov called the treaty signed in Moscow in February "a great and mighty force for the strengthening of world peace, such as human history has never known." That is how most Chinese will regard it; and if the West is to have friendly relations with China, we too must acquire the capacity to look at events through Chinese eyes.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Lessons of the Election

I. DELIVERING THE VOTE

DID Labour do well or badly on February 23rd? Should we congratulate ourselves on increasing our vote despite the austerities of a post-war period which included three major economic crises? Or should we be disturbed that a Government which fulfilled all its election pledges, and achieved peace-time full employment for the first time in this century, only scraped home with a decrease in its proportion of the total poll? Did we just prevent Lord Woolton from winning a majority which he had every right to anticipate in view of the Right-wing trend in Europe and the Commonwealth? Or did the Labour Party throw away certain victory by bad electoral tactics? These are not merely questions for the historian and the objective observer. They raise intensely practical problems; and, before he decides on the timing of the next election or the programme on which it will be fought, the Prime Minister must make up his mind what answers he gives to them.

If he asks for the opinion of his colleagues, Mr. Attlee will find divided counsel. Mr. Morrison seems to hold the view that, in splitting the new Parliament so exactly into two halves, the nation has expressed a preference for the consolidation which he propounded two years ago at Scarborough as the policy likely to regain the support of the middle classes. If challenged, he might find it difficult to explain the equation: thirteen million Socialist votes minus twelve million votes for Tory free enterprise minus two and a half million Liberal votes equals a nation united in its desire for consolidation. A Parliamentary deadlock, particularly if repeated again this year, might lead to a standstill coalition, but it would not indicate a popular desire for one.

Mr. Bevan, on the other hand, argues that it was the palpable doubts about nationalisation revealed by some of his colleagues which lost the confidence of many voters. Watering down their Socialism in order to win the middle classes, they destroyed the dynamic on which a Left-wing party's electoral prospects depend. Sitting for Ebbw Vale, Mr. Bevan can view the difficulties of a Labour candidate in a dormitory suburb with class-conscious detachment.

It was this very argument between Right-wingers and Left-wingers which produced the unhappy compromise of *Labour Believes in Britain*. Mr. Morrison had his way that, after steel, no major industry should be nationalised. Mr. Bevan could take some personal satisfaction from the fact that steel was still on the list; but I doubt whether he much appreciated the concessions on cement, sugar and the mutualisation of insurance. The final compromise was largely irrelevant to the nation's problems and must have been equally unsatisfactory to both contestants. If this argument starts rumbling once again down its well-worn groove, it is only too probable that the next election programme will be an equally unsatisfactory compromise.

In order to prevent this happening, let us see whether we can list some non-controversial propositions on which the Right and the Left of the Party can agree.

1. Labour's hold on the Northern and Midland industrial areas is as strong if not stronger than in 1945. The main reverses were in the South and particularly in the London dormitories.

2. In the large towns, a sharp decline in middle-class support was largely counterbalanced by an increased working-class vote. In rural areas, anti-Socialist majorities in the small towns were not sufficiently counterbalanced by an increase in the agricultural workers' vote. In almost every constituency there still remains a large section of the working class, particularly among the lower-paid workers, who voted Tory.

3. If it had not been for the redistribution of seats, Labour would have won a comfortable majority on February 23. Whatever the reasons for the slight decline in Labour's share of the popular vote, redistribution was the main cause of the present Parliamentary stale-mate.

4. Redistribution has tended to increase the gap between safe and marginal seats. The number of Labour seats won by very large majorities has increased (of the fifty 20,000 majorities no less than forty-three were Labour) and so has the number of seats won by very narrow margins. This makes the size of the popular vote increasingly irrelevant to the Parliamentary strength of the party.

5. The crux of the next election is what happens in 150 marginal constituencies. The movement of perhaps as little as a quarter of a million votes in these constituencies could give either the Conservative or the Labour Party a working majority.

6. These key constituencies are of all kinds—industrial, rural, dormitory cum industrial, and industrial cum rural.

If these propositions are accepted, three practical conclusions follow.

1. The main effort must be concentrated in the marginal constituencies.

2. Since they are a thoroughly mixed bag, any policy angled to a particular class is ruled out.

3. The electoral programme must be designed to have a national appeal and the extra effort in the marginal seats must be one of organisation.

How is this extra effort to be achieved? Despite much that is written about the Transport House machine, the Labour Party is still really a confederation of local parties. Though all parties are supplied centrally with propaganda and to some extent assisted from the centre in the selection of candidates and the financing of agents, local autonomy is still very strong. So the safe seats in the industrial areas can nearly always raise all the money and obtain all the voluntary work which they need, and the marginal seats are always hard up and often poorly organised. It is far easier therefore to increase still further the big majorities in the industrial areas, where the local party can rely on a politically conscious trade union and Co-operative movement, than it is to strengthen organisation in the marginal constituencies where weak local parties are the only vehicle of Socialist propaganda.

Transport House has probably reached the very limit of its capacity for servicing the marginal constituencies. Its propaganda and campaign notes in the recent election were first-rate; it had considerable central funds at its disposal and used them wisely before the election campaign to assist local parties in engaging paid agents. And yet, if the next election is to be won, some of the superfluous strength of the safe seats must be channelled off into the marginal areas.

The obvious solution is that the safe constituencies should now come to the assistance of politically distressed areas. The Labour strongholds of inner London are not far away from winnable dormitory suburbs in Middlesex and Essex. Birmingham is close to Worcester, Bromsgrove, Kidderminster, Burton and Stafford, and it is not too far from Banbury, which we again missed by a narrow margin.

Elections, as Lord Woolton saw as far back as 1946, are won not during but between campaigns. If Labour is to win the next election—and incidentally to regain the dynamic which Left-wingers rightly feel has been slipping in the last four years—what is needed over the summer months is an old-style Clarion campaign, which will spread Socialism outside the walls of its impregnable fortresses to the mixed and rural constituencies which surround them. Fortunately the Party's regional organisation has been recently improved, and it is through

these regional offices that the adoption of marginal seats by safe constituencies could be organised.

I believe that this plan, if adopted throughout the country, would not only help to win the next election but revive the pioneer spirit which brought the Party to power. Working together on the practical job of talking Socialism to people who have only too often never met a Socialist and discussing it afterwards in the local pub, Morrisonites and Bevanites might find that their controversy was ironed out by doorstep campaigning. In dormitory and rural areas, outside assistance in canvassing and open-air meetings would help to break the feeling of a lonely fight against an enemy who holds all the social positions, which so often disheartens the local Labour Party. To show the Labour flag is half the battle in districts where at present the floating vote drifts into Toryism because Labour activities are almost non-existent between elections, whereas the Conservative Party exercises a continuous social pressure.

The safe constituencies would also benefit from the adoption scheme. It would provide an outlet for their energetic young Socialists who only too often feel there is no place for them in a well-established party bureaucracy; and it might break down the narrowness and complacency which make some Labour strongholds very poor advertisements for Socialism. Six months devoted to this sort of work would not only help to win the coming election, they would create the conditions inside the Labour Party for a quite fresh approach to the problems of Socialist policy which confront it, the Right-wingers and Left-wingers might well discover that what they have been arguing about was ideas conceived in opposition during the 1930s which have ceased to have much relevance in 1950.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

SENATOR MCCARTHY has got more than he bargained for when he picked Owen Lattimore as the chief victim of his private witch-hunt. Mr. Lattimore used his chance of defending himself before the Senate sub-committee to launch a most vigorous and successful counter-attack. He charged the Senator with telling "base and incontemptible lies" and using "perverse and twisted quotations"; he said he was either "the instrument or dupe" of the paid lobbyists of Chiang Kai-shek; that he was rehashing their stale propaganda in an effort to intimidate officials of the U.S. Government who did not share his fanaticism. After reading Mr. Lattimore's testimony, I am surprised that Senator McCarthy still goes on making himself look foolish, the more so since Senator Tydings told Mr. Lattimore that sub-committee members had gone through his F.B.I. file with J. Edgar Hoover and the Attorney-General and come to the unanimous conclusion that there was nothing to suggest that he had ever been a Communist or been in any way connected with espionage. McCarthy could only retort that Senator Tydings was lying or had not seen the file! I notice that McCarthy has so far declined to risk a libel action by repeating in unprivileged conditions his charge that Mr. Lattimore was "the top Russian espionage agent." All he will say now is that whether Owen Lattimore is a Russian spy or not, "he has done exactly what would be expected of such an agent."

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This puts the matter very nicely. Follow the argument. The Kuomintang collapsed; Communism is triumphant in China and American policy failed. Therefore Americans like Owen Lattimore or Dr. Jessup, who helped to shape that policy, are by definition traitors to the United States. This is a perfect example of the *post hoc* reasoning often used by Communists. Tito is to-day a traitor: therefore those who supported him before 1948 are "security risks" in the Cominform countries. To be overtaken by history becomes a crime. Far East experts in the United States who foresaw the defeat of Chiang's corrupt regime and urged America to follow a more intelligent policy than wasting money on arms for the Kuomintang to hand over to the Communists become "security risks" to McCarthy. A tragic footnote was the suicide last week of Professor F. O. Mathiessen, of Harvard, one of America's outstanding literary critics and a courageous and lovable liberal. Mathiesson said that he was unable to stand the mental pressure in Cold War America.

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I was delighted to read of Dr. Summerskill's success in persuading the Cabinet to approve a really substantial increase in the scales of National Assistance. From the point of view of ordinary working people, the abolition of the Poor Law was probably the most Socialist of all the Government's actions since 1945. That every citizen down on his luck—whether owing to sickness, old age, bereavement or sheer misfortune—should receive supplementary assistance as of right and not of charity; that in assessing the scale, personal savings up to a considerable sum should not be taken into account; that it should be the duty of the Assistance Officer to discover cases of misfortune and to call on them at home instead of making theme queue—all this makes a revolution. Much of the credit for the humane policy which the Board is trying to institute goes to Mr. George Buchanan.

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Those who know a little of what is going forward in South Africa in the name of *Apartheid*, and who want to know more, will have an excellent opportunity at 8 p.m. next Monday. *Christian Action* (2 Amen Court, E.C.4), has arranged for the Rev. Michael Scott to speak at the Central Hall. Scott has a unique name among the native peoples of the Union, and especially of South-West Africa, as a priest who has taken seriously the bidding that Christians—of whatever colour—should love one another. His statement of the Herero case before the United Nations last November was a masterly and moving appeal for an end to racial discrimination. Next Monday's meeting is particularly appropriate at a moment when the Nationalist Government of South Africa is presenting to the Union Parliament its own version of the Nuremberg Laws, applied in this case to coloured people—the vast majority—of the inhabitants of South Africa.

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While waiting for the news one night last week, a friend recalled that we owed the "six pips" to a man who had died a few days earlier. Hope-Jones's name was known to comparatively few people of the millions whose life he regulated in some degree. Like Rupert Gould, that other famous time merchant, Hope-Jones was a typical English amateur. He had no formal scientific training, yet he invented and developed the familiar Synchronome electric clock with its multiplicity of dials, worked from one master clock, which is used in so many large buildings. His invention set a new standard of reliability in public timekeeping and out of it was developed observatory clocks of fabulous accuracy. One of the bees in Jones's bonnet was Willett's Daylight Saving Scheme, of which he was a tireless advocate in the early days of the century. It was adopted through the austerity of the first World War in 1916, the year after Willett died, and many years later the British Broadcasting Company used to get Jones to give listeners the time when putting the clocks back or forward. This Jones did, before he suggested the "pips," by counting out the seconds from his watch.

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It would be agreeable but naive to assume that John Gordon's article in last week's *Sunday Express* was based on ignorance. The Government, he complained, was putting it about that "all this idea of plentiful sterling petrol was just talk by disagreeable people and nasty newspapers opposed to Socialism. There was no sterling petrol to be had." In fact, of course, the Government's case in the matter of petrol rationing is based on the admission that there is a surplus of sterling petrol. It points out the surplus from sterling sources is being used to offset the cuts in oil purchases that have to be paid for in dollars. In this way we save dollars without reducing our total petrol consumption. If John Gordon is suggesting we should use this surplus sterling oil and—at the expense of food and raw material imports—go on paying out just as much in dollars, he should say so. But that is hardly the Beaverbrook line.

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To my surprise a friend tells me that on Easter Monday he had the best of all April weather, with high racing clouds broken by patches of sun and blue sky. He spent the afternoon on the high wolds above the Vale of Evesham watching point-to-point races. It was, he writes, a procession of characters drawn by Ronald Searle or Osbert Lancaster against the backcloth of the kind of landscape that brewers and petrol companies delight in using on their posters. Never were fancier tweeds, nattier caps or more bristly moustaches. The car parks glistened in the sun, and over the loudspeakers came the "Post Horn Gallop" and "A-Hunting We Will Go." My friend, who knows as much about betting as I do (which is precisely nothing), eavesdropped around the paddock for tips, and succeeded in backing the last horse in every race, including one in which

only two horses started. "This afternoon," he writes, "I realised the strength of the Tory machine in the country. Here, at least, the idea of the happy rural community still persists; people know their stations—I saw one farm-worker's family give up their shelter in a rain squall to a much better dressed group. It seems hard to square this scene with complaints about all the *Tatler* people being driven into bankruptcy and serfdom."

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The fact that the weather was like that in some part of England goes some way to exonerate the B.B.C.'s prophets who so woefully misled us in East Anglia about what was for us the least charitable April day (let alone Bank Holiday) in living memory. The odd thing is that in England people are always interested in reading about the weather even in retrospect. All definitions of "news," which is usually supposed to contain an element of novelty, are ruined by the strange truth that we all want to read about how wet and cold we were yesterday.

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When Sir Waldron Smithers asked the Prime Minister whether he would undertake to read a book called *British Socialism is Destroying British Freedom*, if it were sent to him, Mr. Attlee replied: "The amount of time I can give to works of fiction is extremely limited." I have heard people express as much surprise that the Premier should have made so quick and witty a repartee as they did about his gay Parliamentary skirmish with Mr. Churchill about the Tory "ambush." But there is nothing to be surprised about. Mr. Attlee has always been a wit, who, unlike other wits, tends to make his best remarks out of earshot. He dislikes the newspapers as they do him, and they grudge him publicity. If Mr. Churchill had made such a remark he would have contrived an artistic pause, and then presented his phrase, as it were, on a silver salver for all to see. The morning newspapers would have written up his little *bon mot* as one of the supreme jests of history.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Vicar of Bracknell (Berks), the Rev. J. E. J. Fisher, suggests the birch and the "cat" as preliminaries to divorce proceedings. In that way, he tells his parishioners, we should go far to stay the rot.—*News Chronicle.* (V. A. Miles.)

On one occasion she saw a light in the kitchen and found Mr. H. reading with his feet in the gas oven. Later, when she mentioned the matter to Mr. P. he said that Mr. H. was keeping something hot in the oven for his (Mr. P.'s) supper!—*Salisbury Times.* (J. Cairncross.)

Parishioners at Beeston Regis (Norfolk) are making plans for the year 2192. Calculating that the sea will menace their parish church about that time, they are asking the church council to open a fund which will enable it to be removed further inland.—*News-Chronicle.* (H. M. Hamblin.)

Mrs. ——— gave a talk on "Visions" at the November meeting, commencing with visions in the Bible to those of Joan of Arc and our own Winston Churchill.—*Mothers' Union Journal.* (E. M. Barlow.)

Marshallised Italy

ITALY enters the fourth year of Marshall Aid in a condition bordering on economic anæsthesia. The official figure for unemployment at the end of January, the latest available, was 2,109,230, or 54,624 more than a month before. These are the figures of the Central Institute for Statistics, and they understate the truth: to the two million unemployed there must be added about a million industrial workers on short time and at least another million agricultural workers who find employment for no more than a hundred days a year. And the rate of natural increase in population, furthermore, adds every year another 400,000 Italians to these unwanted millions.

Within the last few weeks a new wave of exasperation has swept across Italy. It is not only that the landless peasants have taken from the great estates land which in many cases has lain fallow or in ruin throughout living memory; there is a seething anger and desire for action in the towns as well. A new storm of protest against growing impoverishment, massive unemployment, chronic administrative incapacity, and the closing of factories by employers unwilling or unable to provide working capital, has swept great crowds into the streets in demonstration, defying the ever-present police and the latest measures of repression of the Government of De Gasperi.

The official custom of arresting the more active demonstrators and taking them into prison to cool their heels for a period varying between days and months is now well established. After the 12-hour national strike of March 22, for instance, the police admitted to having arrested 7,000 persons, and 2,000 in Rome alone; although on this occasion, in contrast to normal practice, they released their prisoners almost at once. In Parma, on that same evening the police opened fire on the crowd, killing one demonstrator and wounding five others. Crowds demonstrating against the new decrees which forbid unauthorised assemblies and meetings, the sale of literature from hand to hand in the streets, and similar methods of mass agitation long traditional in Italy before Fascism, came to blows with the police in many towns and villages.

The case of San Severo showed to what explosive degree feelings on both sides are now screwed. San Severo is one of the great dormitory towns which sprawl across the plain of Apulia; its population of 50,000 consists almost exclusively of landless labourers—few lucky enough to earn £50 a year in cash—and the workers of a few small factories and workshops. Demonstrations were organised in San Severo on March 22 just as they were in countless other towns of Italy. The local police appear to have lost their nerve; they sent out alarmist reports calling for reinforcements. Early next morning, the San Severini threw up barricades and road-blocks and armed themselves with sticks and stones. Some of them, according to the official account, also had rifles and hand-grenades. Reinforcements of police and army arrived soon afterwards with field-guns and armoured cars. Later in the day, the police chief of Foggia issued a revealing communiqué:

> After prolonged fighting, four armoured cars succeeded in breaching the barricades. Police streamed through the breaches. At least ten policemen and *carabinieri* were severely wounded during the fighting. The people apparently had several bad casualties. The insurgents still hold the northern part of the town.

The number of civilians wounded in this affair was afterwards given officially as forty; seventy were arrested.

Basic to the reasons for unrest is the chronic inability of the present economic system—a form of capitalism stifled in its youth by the growth of monopoly—to make use of the men and machines actually available. Far from being able to expand, it fails to find work for much more than half its present means. Behind most of the industrial disputes of the past year there stands a lock-out. Outside the big monopolies such as Fiat, industry languishes. Employers shut down their factories; the workers reply by occupying the factories and working the machines for as long as stocks and orders last. This has happened time and time again, especially in the engineering workshops of Milan.

Although Pella, the Finance Minister, was able to claim in his budget speech last month that industrial production during 1949 had reached 104 per cent. of that of 1938 (when Italy had only 800,000 registered unemployed), and that agricultural production had also moved upward, he could point to no improvement in the position of the unemployed, and could offer no more than vague generalisations on the prospects of improvement. His figures for production can be understood only when it is remembered that certain light industries—making typewriters, sewing-machines, and so forth—are working to capacity. But the backbone of Italian industry, both the heavy industries of the Ligurian Riviera and the engineering industries of Milan, stagnate to-day as they did a year ago. Only with the great monopolies do things go well: rubber production, mostly in the hands of the Pirelli group, is said to have risen by as much as 20 per cent. in 1949.

The primary need, clearly enough, is for more investment. The trade unions have made this the central point of their much-discussed and impressively sensible "plan for first-aid to the national economy." Even the Marshall Aid mission has asked for "an aggressive policy of public investment." The Government has hastened to acquiesce—at least in words. Pella claimed in his budget speech that Italy had allocated no less than 20 per cent. of the gross national product to capital investment in 1949, a figure which takes a deal of swallowing in view of the sterility and stagnation which lie on every hand. But acquiescence in action is by no means so simple.

Even supposing Pella's figure of 20 per cent. meant what it seems to mean, the system of ownership now prevailing would still be likely to prevent a comparable expansion in the processes of production. A great deal of public

money, for example, is to be spent on land reclamation in the South. But this recalls previous experience. In the early 'thirties the Fascist Government, mainly for demagogic reasons, also allocated a mint of money for land reclamation; the plan then—as now—was that the Government should carry through basic reclamation, while the landowners should meanwhile spend their own money on transforming the improved land to more intensive cultivation. In the event, the landowners transformed nothing. It is sure that land reform must form an inseparable part of any effective reclamation in the South. But the Government of De Gasperi, like that of Mussolini, intends no land reform—or none that will prove effective and permanent.

Much the same picture holds for industry. The dozen great monopolies of Italy, exercising now a stranglehold on the whole economy, have no interest in expansion. They lose nothing if the State-owned heavy industries of Liguria stagnate; they only gain if their smaller rivals in the engineering field pass into dissolution. Why should Fiat wish to save Lancia from bankruptcy, or help Caproni's to build tractors? Italy needs much more electric power; but Edison's, the largest power monopoly, is satisfied with things as they are. Supplies of electric power through Edison's main unit—it was stated at the corporation's general meeting in Milan last month—fell in 1949 by 6.4 per cent., while supplies through the corporation's subsidiaries declined by 12.6 per cent. Private investors, scared of social change, prefer to send their money abroad if they can. At a time when Italy needs every penny of capital it can get, a project is afoot to form an Italian-Peruvian mixed corporation by which Italian investors would provide the capital and technical skills for the improvement of agriculture in Peru. For the rest, domestic investment tends to go largely into quick-profit light industries and into real estate of one form or another.

Just as the crisis on the land is essentially one of social structure—of the need for far-reaching land reform—so in the same way the crisis in industry will be finally resolved only by a radical transformation of ownership and control. No amount of American aid in its present form—or in the form of direct private investment—is likely to prove capable of providing work for the men and machines which now stand idle: three years of Marshall Aid have brought no essential improvement.

In short, the Americans have involved themselves in a monstrous contradiction—visible also in France and Western Germany and, most patently of all, in Greece—from their desire to pump new life into economic systems which are no longer, by their very nature, capable of healthy growth. In Italy at least, and perhaps elsewhere, the nature of this contradiction is beginning to be understood by a growing audience which is no longer restricted to the parties of the Left. And with this understanding there comes another—that the wearisomely pounded slogans of anti-Communism cover a network of greed and egotism which has nothing to do with patriotic principle, prosperity, or civilised behaviour, but is the very negation of these things.

BASIL DAVIDSON

A Thought on Sodom

SODOM was destroyed in the first air-raid because of the lack of ten righteous men. Is all life on this earth to be destroyed in the final one because of the lack of a similar proportion of sane men?

General Eisenhower was reported lately in *The Times* as having said: "Far better risk a war of possible annihilation than grasp a peace which would be the certain extinction of free man's ideas and ideals." In considering this sentence we have to ask, first, what the General meant by "possible annihilation." Did he mean the annihilation of the American and, presumably, the British peoples? That would be bad, but we have grounds for thinking that the result of the next war might be much worse. Sir George Thomson, in a recent broadcast, described the danger from radio-active particles settling down, after being scattered by the explosion of an H-bomb. "It is clear to me that here is the real danger from the hydrogen atomic bombs; they will not blow the earth up . . . but they may quite conceivably make it uninhabitable." Uninhabitable not only by all men but by all life.

From another broadcast, by Dr. E. H. Linfoot (the B.B.C. keeps us well informed), we know that there is no such thing as certainty in atomic physics; there is considerable uncertainty as to the behaviour of the H-bomb. Like the A-bomb and every other weapon, it must be rehearsed before it is tried out in war. According to a newspaper report, the rehearsal may take place next year—perhaps to correspond with the opening of the Festival of Britain. Whatever the truth of that report, the necessity of rehearsal makes it clear that President Truman, General Eisenhower, and their friends and backers in America and elsewhere, are prepared to risk ending the 500,000,000 years-old experiment of the life force, not in defence of "free man's ideas and ideals" but just in order to be on the safe side.

Moreover, in examining the General's remark, let us consider these "ideas and ideals" of a free man. In the second century Celsus, let us say, deploring the fifth column of unmilitary Christians (they were then) in the Empire, and the barbarians pressing on it from outside, might perhaps have been willing to risk annihilation if the threat to civilisation could be removed by, and removed *only* by dangerous means. I doubt it of Celsus. He was an Athenian, not an American: his ideas and ideals were hardly big enough. Imagine, instead, a Roman Emperor destroying the barbarians *en masse* by some unspecified means. Would civilisation have benefited? I cannot think so myself, however grand the culture of circus and crucifixion may have looked to the Roman Emperor.

Here the readers of George Orwell's *1984* are queueing up to remind me of Big Brother and to protest that the Russians are not honest (though rough) Huns and Vandals, but much worse. They point out that Communists and their friends are so cemented together by wireless, secret police and other apparatus of modern organisation that they are proof against the accidents of history. My reply is that in thirty-three years there has been a crop of Trotskys, Kamenevs and Titos—not to mention Rajks and Kostovs and such smaller heretics and traitors—that would have done credit to the reign of Tiberius. As long as there is a possibility of heresy outside the palace and revolution within it, there is plenty of hope for free men. What the Orwellites might assert, with some justice, is that there are no longer any Christians of a calibre to convert the barbarians!

Finally, what does General Eisenhower mean by "free man's" ideas and ideals? Does he mean the ideas and ideals of a 100 per cent American untainted by liberalism or Negro blood? Or of an Australian whose standard of living depends on keeping everyone but a few million Whites out of a continent? Or of a White inhabitant of South Africa? Or does he mean some ideas and ideals in a book or in his own mind? Surely none of these hypocrisies or paper symbols are worth the sacrifice of the whole experiment of life. There is a freedom, no doubt, which we know of but are not prepared to pay for—that "condition of complete simplicity (costing not less than everything)" which can flourish under any régime but does not depend on annihilation (except of the self), and still less on vicarious massacre.

Considering these things, it is surely still possible for sane men in Western civilisation to force the hands of their respective governments and compel them to renounce world-destroying weapons. If there are not enough sane men to do this, then we are in a worse case than Sodom.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Easy Terms at the Town Hall

IN general terms of political strategy and electoral chances, the impact of steadily rising prices on lean family purses represents perhaps the biggest single problem with which the Labour Party is confronted. But though every household within the £6-£9 a week income scale is looking expectantly for tidings of what Sir Stafford Cripps is bringing back from the deliberative mountain of his pre-Budget retirement, the problem of high living costs is the concern not only of the Chancellor but, from one particular angle, of Mr. Bevan.

The majority of tenants who are being rehoused by local authorities or in New Towns are leaving cramped quarters. They are thus faced with the cost of furnishing additional rooms—to say nothing of the expense incurred in curtaining the large and usually numerous windows of the newly built houses and flats. Few enough have sufficient savings for this purpose; and the new quarters normally involve substantially higher rent than had to be met before. The result is that, as the figure of completed houses rises, so does the figure of Hire Purchase agreements: the value (not, of course,

the volume) of goods involved in outstanding instalment plan contracts is estimated to have regained already pre-war level, after shrinking to negligible proportions in the war years. And with this recrudescence of Hire Purchase trading there is growing inevitably a repetition of the old, sad story of excessive commitments and indebtedness leading to defaults. One large firm in this trade told me recently that "for fifteen cases we had to threaten with Court proceedings a year ago, it is at least two hundred cases now."

In these circumstances, with the prices of furniture and fabrics treble what they were before the war, it is right and proper that local authorities should have turned their minds to devising schemes for assisting families who are moving into new quarters, need additional household goods, and are unable to pay ready cash for them. The latest Housing Act gives wide powers to municipalities to trade with their tenants; and on the assumption that local authorities intend to run instalment plan trading on a more or less non-profit-making basis, so that—unlike the firms who pay their salesmen on commission—they will discourage customers from spending more than they can afford, one is naturally predisposed in favour of schemes for providing "Easy Terms at the Town Hall." It is worth while, therefore, examining some of the plans which are already in operation or now being framed. There are, it will be seen, considerable variations of practice proposed.

First, let us look at Harlow. In this New Town, rents for "accommodation units"—to adopt the ill-smelling official name—range from 28s. 6d. to 32s. 6d. a week, to which, say, 10s. 6d. for fuel and lighting has to be added. This makes a fairly heavy first charge on a family income of perhaps £7 a week. The Corporation of the New Town is offering Hire Purchase facilities to tenants on the basis of 15 per cent. deposit and a "service charge" (as it is called in the trade) of 15 per cent. for a two years' agreement, and 20 per cent. for a three years' agreement. Tenants are given a list of specified shops where they may make their choice of goods. Although it seems that the Corporation will be receiving a trade discount from the shops, it is apparently not proposed at present to pass this on to the tenant-customer, whose H.P. agreement will be based on the retail cash price of the articles bought. This means that a tenant who picks goods to the cash value of £100 will pay the Corporation £112 15s. in all, if he opts for 24 instalments. Had he gone to an ordinary Hire Purchase firm —in which case typical terms would be a 12½ per cent. deposit *plus* 16-17 per cent. added "service charge" for two years—he would be committed to payments totalling £114 or nearly £115, according to the trader's terms.

The saving obtained by the tenant who has recourse to Harlow Corporation facilities is thus not very substantial. He is assured, it is true, of good quality goods; the Corporation, as far as I am aware, is dealing only with firms of the highest repute. There is also the social advantage that tenants will be discouraged by the Housing Manager from entering into agreements for sums greater than their means justify. On the other hand, though the General Manager of Harlow expatiated to me on the gains which the citizens of the New Town would enjoy by having all the houses fitted with curtains of good design, some tenants may resent the loss of the free choice of trader. Moreover, households which are members of a Co-op. can get Hire Purchase goods at a "service charge" which represents, by the time the "divi" is repaid, only 5 per cent. on a two-year agreement. On such an agreement the Harlow Corporation, assuming that it gets a normal 10 per cent. trade discount, makes a gross "profit" of £22 15s. Against this must be set the cost of borrowing from the Treasury at 3 per cent. per annum, overheads and bad debts. These, it is acknowledged, will be low, since instalments will be paid with the rent and the risk of "moonlight flits" in the present housing shortage is negligible. It is no doubt wise to launch an experiment on a conservative financial basis; but even so, the tenants of Harlow may be inclined to press for easier terms.

Such terms, if the present project proves feasible, will certainly be secured by tenants of the Royal Borough of Kensington. Here rents are inordinately high—new four-roomed flats costing 43s 6d a week, excluding light and heat. The scheme on which the Council is working runs as follows. A tenant will first discuss and agree with the Housing Officer the amount to which he can commit himself on the instalment plan. The sum settled, the tenant-customer can go to any shop and select goods up to the agreed amount. The Council will then purchase the goods for cash, and conclude with the tenant a hire-purchase agreement with no deposit and a "service charge" at the rate of 3¼ per cent. interest per annum payable in two years or less. The Chairman of the Housing Committee assured me that he was confident that the scheme would cost nothing to the rate-payer, and that it was proposed to pass on to tenant-customers any trade discount which the Council secured off the cash price of goods. On the face of it, the terms should be attractive to tenants; but the scheme is still at the blueprint stage, and the margin between the cost to the Council of borrowing and the proposed "service charge" seems narrow when allowance is made for "overheads."

The experience of Holborn, however, shows what can be done. This Council, whose tenants pay only 36s. a week for a four-roomed flat including central heating and constant hot water, has for two years now been offering H.P. agreements—also with no deposit and with instalments spread over two years or less—and has fixed the "service charge" on the basis of 4 per cent. interest per annum. Holborn buys the goods wholesale and sells them to tenants at the wholesale price. That is to say, for goods whose retail cash price is £150, tenants pay, in all, only £130 on a Council H.P. agreement. Evidence of the success of the Holborn plan is that not one bad debt has so far been contracted.

Will this form of municipal trading spread? Opposition from the Hire Purchase trade is naturally stiff; and, if Councils reluctant to deal with the Co-op. are confronted with a refusal of wholesale facilities from manufacturers, some may drop the idea for the time being (Edmonton has already done so). There are, too, certain legal difficulties—for instance, some confusion as to the position of a landlord who might wish to distrain on goods of which he was also the hirer. The trade will certainly take exception to any local authorities who conclude, for Utility goods, H.P. agreements with a life of more than two years—the limitation imposed on commercial firms by war-time Statutory Regulations—and the Harlow scheme, one imagines, might run into legal snags on this score.

The conception, however, of local authorities helping tenants to furnish new quarters adequately is excellent. From the examples quoted above the conclusion seems to be that, if an authority hopes in this way adequately to offset the higher rents which re-housed families normally have to pay, it must either secure from retailers "cash" discounts which it can pass on to tenants or must trade wholesale and sell to tenants at wholesale prices. If manufacturers of furnishings obstruct this form of socially useful municipal trade, then the ultimate solution may have to be the conversion of a Royal Ordnance factory to furniture making. This might be a good field in which to experiment in competition between private enterprise and public ownership.

HELEN GOSSE

So They Say . . .

THE unearthing of items that the press did not print is a fascinating pastime; it reveals a delightful modesty on the part of the press where its own affairs are concerned. At the time of the Royal Commission on the Press, for instance, the proprietors hastened to assure the Commission that it would be better all round to leave it to them to set up a Press Council to formulate standards of conduct.

There is still no Press Council. At the National Union of Journalists' Easter conference, however, the working side of Fleet Street took the first practical step in this direction. It instructed its Executive to set up an "ethics committee" without delay, in view of "increasing assertions of press distortion both in Parliament and in sections of the press itself." This committee would express the Union's official attitude on journalistic standards, and advise members on their rights to refuse assignments "which might lower the prestige of the profession." Perhaps, owing to the conference, the papers were understaffed—but this news was overlooked, in their reports of the conference, by *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Herald*, and *Daily Mirror*.

Another matter on which the press as a whole has been extremely vociferous in the past is the question of a revision of the present laws of libel, which are held to unduly penalise the press in its task of defending the public's interests. Last week there came a glimmer of hope from Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General. In a speech reported on April 5, he said that, while he could not commit the Government, he personally "would be content to see the opportunity for libel actions narrowed down, and the defence of privilege, depending on the proper exercise of responsibility, extended." It was a glimmer too dim, however, to

illumine the pages of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Graphic*, or the *News Chronicle*—although the *Chronicle's* leading columnist discovered last Monday that there had been "surprisingly little editorial comment on an important speech [by] Sir Hartley Shawcross."

The Expert Replies

Evening Standard, March 30:

YOUR MOTORING QUERIES ANSWERED

Q.—I recently had the misfortune to break the back axle and had a new shaft fitted by a friend. He has now gone away and . . . I find the car moves backwards when placed in bottom gear and forward when placed in reverse gear. What do you think is wrong?

A.—There is little doubt from what you tell me that the rear axle will have to be dismantled again. . . .

Scrambled Eggs

Daily Express, Easter Monday:—

Today this column is devoted to Easter bonnets, Christianity, and the atom bomb.

AUTOLYCUS

Groundnuts in Gambia

THEY are piled as high as the houses in Wellington Street, Bathurst, despite the double storeys which distinguish this waterfront from the dusty alleys behind—many of them named after the Duke's generals. The Gambia Oilseeds Marketing Board buys in the entire crop from the farmers at half a crown a sack, and consigns all vigilantly to Leith and Avonmouth for soap and margarine. Flying the Swedish flag, little ground-nutters of two thousand tons lie alongside the street and load; but mostly they find cargoes at wharves up river, navigable to them for 150 miles. A trickle finds its way to the London black market to retail at a shilling a packet of about one ounce. At the foot of the heaps men are shovelling nuts into sacks; each porter ups his sack, pauses at the pay clerk to collect two nickel West African pennies, and joins the line trotting up a gang plank to shoot the burden into a dim hold, then down another plank with empty sack to the heaps. At this rate he can earn from fifteen to twenty shillings a day, but the police will have to look sharp if professional gamblers are not to take most of it from him during breaks.

Formerly there was a line of *flamboyants* along the street, but they were cut down in 1934 as a measure against Yellow Jack, then, and probably for the last time, in firm possession of Bathurst, removing the Colonial Secretary and the manager of the bank. Although there is no protection against the sky, the old bogy of sunstroke has long been exorcised, and the White man is bare of head and knees. Not so any African who lives above subsistence level; he reinforces his pigmentation with abundant clothes, sun helmet, and a pair of sun glasses, the wearing of which has quite the tone of an Old Boys' tie. The Joloff women proceed like galleons under full sail, arrayed in lavish promise for the Manchester export drive, hair drawn out over black horns of twisted wool, their shoe uppers a nylon icing in a range of indigestible colours. They chew kola sticks like cigars. The man in the street wears white singlet and shorts, sometimes plimsoles too; but the Mauretanian cattle dealers, with their feminine faces, have long wraps in Oxford and Cambridge blues. In this throng there is plenty to interest a student of tropical diseases.

Gambia is flush with money at the end of its trade season, November to March. Plump Syrian trader and great trading corporation will have taken this year 65,000 tons of groundnuts for cash, most of which the farmer has promptly turned in again for cloth, hardware, and falderols; the remainder has gone in high jinks for the village. But the coming months—their uncompromising name in the local calender is the hungry season—have to be faced. Food stocks will dwindle to near famine. Not until September will the enfeebled harvesters bring in the maize and early millets.

Regularly each year minatory Commissioners plan for sufficient areas to be planted to food, so that people will not be reduced to bushes, roots, and even in extremity to a sort of kaolin. Chiefs and headmen are invariably acquiescent and convincing in their estimates for communal farming, food stores, and the like. Yet year after year the food is not grown, or is eaten in store by pests, or misappropriated. The Medical Research Council finds a grave deficiency of animal proteins also, and particularly of cow's milk for babies, whose mortality rate is strikingly like that of nineteenth-century industrial England. To the farmer, however, who leaves the important rice crop to the women, it stands to reason that the groundnut alone enables a man to pay off a debt at the store, buy a new bride, entertain wrestlers from the next village.

Gambia, Britain's oldest African colony, is a strip ten miles wide on either side of the river, and three hundred miles along; it bulges slightly at the estuary—an eel lying upon a slab of French colonial territory. Although the frontiers exist on the map only, and in parts have never been demarcated, they have sufficed to prevent an excellent waterway from turning into an African Rhine; and the French have emphasised this economic absurdity by their railway into Dakar, parallel and close to the river. Bathurst, living on its wharves, is a disproportionate huddle of shabbiness, with 21,000 inhabitants, much of its area two and a half feet below high-water level, and none more than inches above it. The Protectorate, of a quarter of a million, spaced sixty to the square mile, clears land for farming by fire, uses no fertiliser or machinery whatever, and has so far avoided soil erosion. A promising new system of local administration preceded the arrival of the Colonial Development Corporation with its poultry farm of 30,000 birds, ten thousand acres of bush cleared by machinery already, and an approved plan for raising food on 24,000 irrigated acres up river.

The biggest palaver of the future will probably be around the impact of a wage-earning economy upon the old tribal structure. For the present, political strife in Nigeria and Sierra Leone down the coast causes hardly a ripple in the River Gambia flowing amidst a Mohammedanism tolerant equally of Christianity and paganism, and bearing by canoe, sailing cutter, and tramp a cash crop briskly demanded by a world still fifteen per cent. short of its pre-war production of fats.

W. L. RICKETTS

The Play of Ideas

THE spectacle of Bridie and Rattigan taking the ring against each other armed with nothing more lethal than cream puffs and apologising profusely each time they make a strike is entertaining, but hardly helps us forward. It may be presumptuous of me to enter the ring at all, since so far I have not managed to practise what I preach with any degree of success; but working on the old principle that one doesn't have to be a chicken to have opinions about eggs, I am going to duck under the ropes and come up in defence of the play of ideas. When the theatre has been worth anything at all, it has expressed ideas. It will only climb out of its present soggy inertia if the dramatists of to-day start dealing with ideas instead of trivialities.

I am not talking about tracts on the National Health Service, or artificial insemination. The basis of all good drama must be character and situation, expressed in dialogue and action. What marks the dividing line between rubbish and drama, is the dramatist's choice of which characters and what situations. With a great many the choice is such that the only idea which receives expression is the problem of who sleeps with whom; with Ibsen or Shakespeare the choice is such that inevitably the ideas motivating the characters are of considerably more importance.

Bridie suggests that we are moving "into the era of Christopher Fry" I have sufficient faith in the theatre to hope that Fry marks rather the end of an era than the opening of a new one. Certainly I see no progress in any attempt, no matter how talented, to find new ways to express old trivialities.

Rattigan complains that playwrights are exhorted daily "to adopt themes of urgent topicality." He produces no evidence to support this, and I think he is exaggerating. At any rate, he need have no fear, for judging from the list of plays now running in the West End of London, our dramatists are deaf to such exhortations. Admittedly, there must be room for all styles, all types of plays, from farce to living newspaper, from naturalism to Christopher Fry. But dare I remind our dramatists that we are living in the age of the A-bomb, of continual crisis? The public is living on its nerves, and not one of us can look into the future even five years ahead and see the shape of our children's lives. Is our theatre so weak and cowardly, are our writers so stunned or incapable, that the great issues which are tearing at the guts of the world can find no reflection in, say, ten or twenty per cent. of our theatres? It is the responsibility of the theatre, and of the playwright first and foremost, to find some way of treating the problems which are gnawing at people's hearts, to give people the relief and the hope, if not the sense of escape, which only the drama can give. He must do it entertainingly. But he must do it.

Perhaps the real question is this. Has the writer any responsibility to the society in which he lives—not as a taxpayer or an elector, but specifically *as a writer*? Most writers, if this or any other Government dared to suggest that at least part of their work should deal with the problems which agitate the public, would answer with some heat that politicians should learn from artists, and not vice versa, since the insight of the artist is deeper, if more intuitive, than that of the statesman. But what contemporary plays could they drag out to prove their point? Where is the insight of our artists? If an engineer adopted the irresponsible attitude to production that most of our authors adopt towards the theatre, Cripps would be down on him like a ton of bricks accusing him of sabotaging the country's hope of recovery. But so long as a writer pays his tax and keeps the law, nothing else matters. What he does professionally is his business and his alone, and it doesn't matter a damn if he writes not a word of any significance.

Perhaps I am tilting at windmills in such demands to our present-day dramatists, for it is true that a writer can only express what lies within himself.

I think with envy of the 'thirties, in America, when a whole new band of dramatists arose to give social direction to the realism their theatre had achieved a decade before. The ferment of ideas, the clash of opposing forces was felt in the theatre, and found organised expression in such enterprises as the Group Theatre and the Federal Theatre. These new writers were bold and brash. In their plays they drew a sharper distinction between social good and evil; they were not afraid to portray social tensions, or to place their characters more clearly in relation to their environment. And, let's face it, they did it on the whole with superb craftsmanship, so that their plays were dramatically entertaining and exhilarating.

Perhaps here, too, as the tensions and conflicts grow, we shall find the new dramatists, uninhibited by present standards or examples, who will give the theatre the shot in the arm it so badly needs. Other changes will have to come as well—changes in theatre organisation, action to break down the theatre monopolies and the stranglehold that the landlord, the owner of the bricks and mortar, holds over so much creative effort. Perhaps, too, the theatre will reach out to new forms to match the new ideas, though personally I am doubtful whether there are any really new forms, merely skilful use of the old ones. When the new era does come, our producers, who at present lavish their skill on the classics and have, out of despair, reached the ultimate in their attempts to dress up old themes with new tricks, will have something into which to get their teeth.

Let me repeat: I am not pleading for the theatre of preachment, of propaganda, of slogans, but for the theatre as it ought to be, with room to accommodate all talents, rich in diversity, and, above all, with the guts to say something to mankind, to say it with character and dramatic truth—a theatre, in short, which is one-third temple, one-third arena, one-third music-hall. TED WILLIS

The Arts and Entertainment

A NOVELIST'S PLAY

MR. WYNYARD BROWNE, whose second play, *The Holly and the Ivy*, is now to be seen at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is a novelist turned playwright. This is an exchange which in principle is to be warmly welcomed. If only more of our good novelists would share their gifts with the theatre! "Literary" is an epithet which one sometimes hears theatrical people use as if it were a term of opprobrium when applied to the theatre. And doubtless an over-literary theatre, if such a thing were conceivable, would be almost as boring as an over-theatrical theatre is. But in fact drama is one branch of literature, as fiction is another and poetry another. Theatrical theatre is what Ibsen and Shaw rescued us from. The average contemporary library novel may or may not be as shallow, conventional, false, vulgar and trivial as the average contemporary matinee play; but higher up the slopes of fiction there is to be found an amount of talent, imagination, originality, which anyone who cares about the theatre must surely look at enviously.

It may be argued that novel-writing is easier than play-writing, or alternatively, as the lawyers say, that the two talents are quite distinct. Yet one remembers that in Paris the theatre finds a way of using the novelists, that Mauriac, Montherlant, Camus, Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, write plays as well as novels, even if novel-writing is their main occupation. And I cannot help feeling that it would be worth while for someone with enterprise and money to try to draw in some of our literary talent—since it doesn't apparently come forward of its own accord. A glance round the bookshelves of the room in which I am writing supplies a list of names of first-rate novelists who have never, so far as I know, tried to write expressly for the stage—Graham Greene, Henry Green, V. S. Pritchett, L. P. Hartley, Rex Warner, Nancy Mitford, Joyce Cary, Evelyn Waugh, Bruce Marshall, C. H. B. Kitchin are the ones that first strike my eye. But surely somewhere from among the talent expended on the novel the stage could draw a share.

Thus, it is most enterprising of the Arts Theatre Club to offer a prize of £500 for a new play by a playwright who has not yet had a work performed. But I can't help wondering if it is really the best way of getting new writing talent for the theatre. I hope it may be, and that the intrepid judges will not have to wade through a thousand mildewed manuscripts rescued from hopeful bottom drawers. I am not sure if a better result might not have been achieved by making it a condition of entry that the contestants had previously published at least three works of imagination with reputable publishers and that the play submitted had no connection with any of them. It might have meant increasing the amount of the prize, but if I had a thousand pounds to spend on the good of the theatre I think I should risk it that way.

This is a long divagation from the novelist Mr. Wynyard Browne and his play *The Holly and the Ivy*; and he might—at least for the moment—be quoted against me as an example of what such a competition might perhaps produce. For though *The Holly and the Ivy* is a sufficiently interesting piece to make us hope that Mr. Browne will continue with play-writing, it does, when compared with his novels, show something of what the novelist is up against when changing his medium. As a novelist during the 'thirties, Mr. Wynyard Browne had a very sharp, individual flavour, a line of satiric humour entirely his own, while his characters, I seem to remember, had the merit of being individually and sharply observed, and the incidents arose out of the particular climate of the particular time he was writing of. Hardly anything of this idiosyncratic flavour of his has managed to survive against the heavy conventionalising pressure the stage seems somehow to exert. Clichés that he would never have allowed in his novels have been allowed to creep in here. His family—it is a family play—set in a country rectory—is a very generalised kind of family and the incidents, while sufficiently probable, lack the interest and the passion that they might have had if the characters themselves were better individualised.

Dramatically this second play, though in some ways more ambitious, is less successful than the first. It fails to concentrate its forces (from the point of view of the theme the first act is wholly wasted). It brings us too late to its climax and huddles us into an end. Its theme is a change of heart, but this is a process rather than an event, and thus difficult to express convincingly in terms of sudden action. The kernel of the play only reaches us in the curtain to the second act. The rector is old, a widower, a bookish man, old fashioned, rather self-doubting, taking his vocation seriously, but uncertain, when he thinks of it, whether he has achieved his aims. Above all he is a highly dependent character. It is clear that someone has got to look after him; the question is who. The eldest daughter on whom the burden has fallen now wants to get married. The comic aunts are too old. To the youngest daughter, a fashion journalist in London, too much has happened: she would have to hide too much. In the second act she and the irresponsible young brother, unable to endure a family evening, go off to the local cinema, but they get no farther than the local pub and return from it—drunk. Drunk on Christmas Eve! Even the rector can't help noticing their state and when the boy prevaricates, lying rather obviously about the film they are supposed to have seen, demands to be told the truth. "That's just the trouble about you," the boy replies, "you can't be told the truth."

From this the best scene in the play follows, in the next act, when the father insists on his son explaining what he meant by that remark. Mr. Herbert Lomas has by this time strongly enough established the rector's character—his angular likeableness, his self-centred preoccupation with his own position; while Mr. Bryan Forbes, with a number of skilful touches, has made very vivid the thoroughly ordinary unreflecting young fellow who hasn't the awareness to deal with a complicated emotional situation, nor words to explain himself. Confronted with a crisis of relationship, they simply fail to make contact until the boy blurts out, quite baldly, the two family truths: the younger sister's past and the elder's hope for the future. This is the crisis of this small human drama, a man who takes his religion seriously and yet has to be protected from the human truths.

The play is very sincerely acted especially by Mr. Lomas, Miss Jane Baxter as the elder daughter and Mr. Bryan Forbes as the brother. The production, though careful, is too slow. Indeed the marks of care are altogether too unconcealed. This kind of domestic drama, aiming at the lifelike, must seem so casual as to appear never to have been produced at all, simply to have happened. Here the grouping, the entrances, the pointing of words and phrases, the pauses, all stand out, too obviously drawing attention to themselves.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

I DOUBT whether the Third Programme has ever done its job better than during the past fortnight or so. In controversy and the ventilation of ideas the series of talks *The Idea of a University* seemed to me an unqualified success which went, as it had to do if it was to be adequate to its theme, to the roots of the contemporary dilemma in culture. Part of its success undoubtedly came from the choice of speakers, Mr. Oakeshott, Lord Lindsay, Professor Pascal, Mr. C. R. Morris, Professor Blackett, and Sir Walter Moberley; but part of it was also due to the fact that they were given ample time—half an hour—in which to develop their points of view. Between some of the points of view expressed reconciliation was scarcely possible; one had the feeling that Mr. Oakeshott and Professor Pascal, for instance, belonged to worlds which had nothing in common and which were hardly on the same planet. To approve or disapprove of the speakers according to one's own measure of agreement with them would, of course, be absurd; what made the series so fascinating was the way in which one continually caught glimpses of perfectly possible alternatives to the kind of university one knew oneself. Thus, without sharing Professor Pascal's assumptions, I felt that his drastic suggestions for the revision of the traditional Arts curricula of our universities did contain a most damaging criticism of what we have come to take for granted. Indeed, the success of these talks suggests a further series: on the different national conceptions of universities; on how American practice in the large state universities compares with the Russian, for instance, about which I suspect the majority of us know nothing, and how both compare with our own and the French. Such a series might throw much light on the confusions and disagreements which *The Idea of a University* exposed.

Very good, too, in their different way, were Mr. Lionel Fielden's four talks, *A Superficial Journey through India and Pakistan*. They were superficial only in the sense that they represented conclusions based on a two months' tour; but as the first head of All-India Radio Mr. Fielden has known the sub-continent well in the past and knows its leaders; and the series was really an account of what has been achieved as compared with the original aspirations that accompanied the struggle for independence. It was this sense of perspective that made the talks so valuable.

Radio drama has been no less interesting than recent talks. In a less crowded fortnight of listening both Mr. Norman Nicholson's *The Field*, an exercise in Wordsworthian natural piety in the *Inward Eye* series, and Mr. Hauser's production of Ford Madox Ford's translation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, would have warranted greater attention than I can give them now. There is space only to say that, of *The Field*, I felt that Mr. Nicholson had not quite managed to adapt his verse to the requirements of the ear—rhymes such as "plantains" and "mountains," for example, were much more disconcerting than they would have been on the printed page—and that Ford's free translation had a most engaging freshness which substituted for the grandeur of the original a charming and naive folk-like quality. But interesting as these programmes were, they were overshadowed for me by Dr. Bronowski's highly topical *The Face of Violence*. In many respects, this work seems to me a peak-point in radio drama; and it was superbly well acted and produced; indeed, I do not think I remember a finer production than this of Mr. Cleverdon's. Dr. Bronowski's intention was to analyse "the manifestations and motives of violence in modern society," and he did so by sending his hero, a man who had witnessed extreme and gratuitous brutality in a prisoner-of-war camp, on a journey into the world to discover and confront the vicious prison guard. A fairly conventional device, one might have thought; but the characters of the allegory were drawn with such gusto and such subtlety as obviously to prove irresistible to the actors; and there was a continuous deftness of invention which held one in a state of suspense such as one doesn't expect from allegory. "Violence," said Dr. Bronowski's commentator, echoing Blake at the end of the programme, "has a human face," and the final confrontation between pursuer and pursued was as moving as it was startling.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Inspector General," at Warner's
"They Were Not Divided," at the Leicester Square
"Molti Sogni," at the Continentale

It never occurred to me (warmed by placards and a trailer) that the new Danny Kaye film would be Gogol's *The Government Inspector*. Or rather, on the whole, wouldn't be. Knobs on or nothing. This time it is a famished gipsy who strays in to cuckoo it in the official nest: none other in fact than Mr. Kaye himself, fresh from warning villages against his master's Elixir of Life (green boot-polish) and making rabbit faces at a rabbit by the wayside. The master turns up after a time to complicate things and to help himself. Every one has joined in a plot to murder the inconvenient inspector. It misfires. The real inspector arrives; that misfires too; so that for another twenty minutes the tables have to be turned this way and the other, there are confessions and shoulder-claspings, and in the end Mr. Kaye finds himself acclaimed Mayor of the town. If all this seems rather like errand-boys whistling *Figaro*, at least Gogol has provided something to whistle.

But what in the end counts is whether Danny Kaye, after the pathetic moonings of his last appearance, is himself again. Yes, here's the universal imitator, the glass of idiocy, at work. Not only do dogs and rabbits and cocked hats and banquets and colonels with swords and sneaking councillors rouse him to a fury of mimicry, but—especially in his patter songs—he verges wonderfully on too-grand opera. (How one would like to hear and see him, dressed for the part, singing the Jewel Song from *Faust!*) These songs, not so very brilliant in themselves, are much the funniest part of *The Inspector General:* in one he conjures up an awful childhood of grunts and tics, in another he forms an argumentative quartette with three head-and-shoulder ghosts of himself, and in the best of all as a gipsy-band leader he scowls and stamps, whirls a flaming sword, keeps raising the glass (poisoned, as it happens) to his lips and setting it down again. The fun, here, really lasts and swells; and among unmusical sequences there is the wildly comic speeding-up of a hungry and honoured guest at a banquet. Otherwise, despite Gogol, the film goes on too long and too conventionally. I wonder whether, having regained his old self, Danny Kaye has quite enough to go round. He tries hard to be the Danny Kaye Brothers. But after all, he's not inexhaustible; and it's an *old* self—however ingeniously it may split itself up—that doesn't grow larger.

They Were Not Divided, celebrating the Guards, has solid merits, and defects as serious. On the plus side there are the horrors of training, the waiting for D-Day, moments in tanks and about farmyards, the rattling triumph to Brussels; on the minus side, we must put the home fires, the after-the-event consciousness of "restraint," and the theme of Anglo-American friendship. Not that, as Englishman and Guards-enlisted American Mr. Edward Underdown and Mr. Ralph Clanton are at all bad: on the contrary, they (and particularly the latter) are unusually good. But the flags leaning together on their graves are not. This is a rambling, jerky, commemoration number that can't compare with American pieces of a similar type, to say nothing of our own films made during the war.

The attraction of Anna Magnani may draw filmgoers to the Continentale but I must warn them that the film is wordy, slack and unskilful and though Magnani gets her scenes, mostly in domestic rows, when captions can't keep up with the spate of jabber, here even she fails to move us.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Ballet Imperial," at Covent Garden

At last we have a ballet composed for dancers and not for mummers. English choreographers have for too long indulged a *penchant* for mime, often no more than a pretentious disguise for nonsense. Sadler's Wells have led the offenders. But their new *Ballet Imperial* by a Russian choreographer, a ballet in the grand manner, is a welcome and much needed addition to the repertory. Balanchine first composed this piece nine years ago for Lincoln Kirstein's American Ballet Caravan, as an ambitious classical—or neo-classical—exercise to display the strength of a young and inexperienced company without a tradition. He has considerably remade it for Covent Garden; the result is superb. In particular he has doubled the parts of the *corps de ballet* and discarded any hints of a plot which must surely have hampered the clear-cut, if ornate, patterns of this ballet. Some of these patterns seemed a little busy on the opening night, but that was the fault of imperfect and ragged dancing by the *corps de ballet*. No company could be expected to master so geometrically complex a work in a fortnight—the time Sadler's Wells allotted itself. Even Margot Fonteyn, for all her usual brio and technical accomplishment, seemed ill-at-ease in a magnificent role; perhaps this dancer still lacks the *panache* such a part requires. Michael Somes and Beryl Grey, on the other hand, displayed just the pyrotechnical qualities called for by the choreography. Tchaikovsky's *Second Piano Concerto* may seem an inappropriate choice for a ballet accompaniment, but Balanchine has translated the line and texture of the music so meticulously and sensitively into balletic terms, that one cannot help being delighted. Visually this ballet is less of a pleasure. Previous work by Eugene Berman, an expert in baroque pastiche, has seemed merely slick and modish; his latest décor is less gaudy but more commonplace. But surely so glorious a *pièce d'occasion* requires more magnificent trappings. Covent Garden has little luck with designers of an international reputation.

J. R.

"The Man With the Umbrella," at the Duchess

Left to her own devices, Clara would have finished this play prematurely in Act I, with a gas-oven exit. As *amant de portefeuille* she had imprudently picked Alfred, assistant manager of a bank, into whose till he had begun, under the stress of rising costs of living, to plunge clumsy fingers; and Pierre, *l'amant du coeur* without whom life for Clara would be unbearable, was showing signs of wanting to marry. So Aldo Sweet, conducting an umbrella whose significance escaped me, intervenes. Alfred, trapped with a million stolen francs, is packed off, a nervous wreck, to a mental home; Clara, promised wealth, freedom and happiness if she is a good little girl for a year, is persuaded to accept a marriage of convenience with the bank's elderly and doting president; and, true to his schedule, the gentleman with the umbrella arranges that Alfred shall escape and confront the wealthy cheated husband, who is thereupon to bid Clara depart in Pierre's company. But the neat little jest is soured by two unplanned developments: Alfred assaults the banker, who dies of shock; and girl no longer wants boy, but prefers M. Sweet, who acquiesces without great enthusiasm. The moral? That human beings should not interfere in each other's lives, or that even God is apt to be disillusioned? I am inclined to doubt whether M. Ducreux, whose play seemed, in Aldwych, rather a long way from its boulevard home, thought out his meaning very clearly for himself. To help the audience along, the gentleman with the umbrella combines the role of *deus ex machina* with that of *conférencier*—a device which had the *effect* of giving the other characters in the play the attributes of marionettes, but might have been worth it if the chats over the footlights had been salted with more wit. I liked Sheila Burrell as Clara; and Charles Goldner did his best with lines which Sacha Guitry might—just—have put across.

A. V.

Company Meeting

CABLE AND WIRELESS (HOLDING)

Amended Scheme Approved

By an Order of the Court a meeting of the Ordinary Stockholders of Cable and Wireless (Holding), Limited, was held on April 5th in London, to consider an amended Scheme of Arrangement.

Sir Edward Wilshaw, K.C.M.G. (The Governor), in the course of his speech, said: In April, 1949, at the annual general meeting of the company, I stated that your directors considered that it would be in the best interests of the stockholders to distribute a substantial portion of the compensation to stockholders. On the 25th November last a Scheme of Reconstruction was submitted to you which went even further than that, and in fact proposed the distribution of the whole of the compensation award. This Scheme was however, rejected by the Ordinary Stockholders of the Holding Company, but approved, by substantial majorities, by the Stockholders, Shareholders and Debenture Stockholders of the underlying companies.

I undertook at that meeting to endeavour to bridge the gap between the various divergent opinions. A sufficient number of Proxies in favour of the amended Scheme has been lodged to ensure its adoption.

In the Explanatory Statement I said that the terms on which the 3½-Year Unsecured Stock would be issued would be fixed just before option forms were dispatched to Ordinary Stockholders, and the Board would be guided by independent advisers and would endeavour to issue the Stock on terms which should, in the absence of unforeseen circumstances, ensure that the market quotation opened at not less than par. The Board has now consulted independent advisers, who have stated that a 3½-Year Unsecured Loan Stock carrying 3 per cent. interest and issued at par should, in the absence of unforeseen circumstances, be assured of an opening market quotation of not less than par. The Board has therefore decided to issue the Stock at par bearing interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

At the meeting and at a subsequent extraordinary general meeting a card vote was taken.

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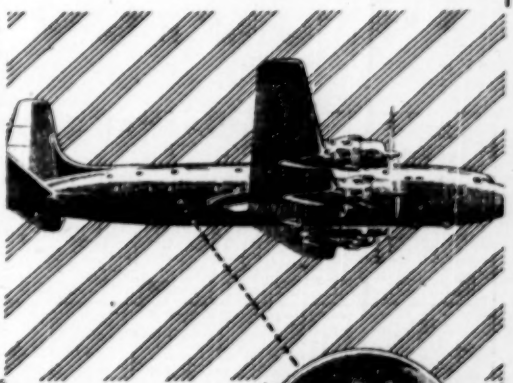

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Correspondence

NATIONALISED INDUSTRIES

SIR,—Critic's note in your last issue prompts me, after two years of heart-breaking experience as Deputy Director of Public Relations to the National Coal Board, to offer those of your readers who do not see *Political Quarterly* an explanation which may not be generally understood.

First, nothing of a "political" nature may be published. I made many attempts to tell the public things I thought it should know—for example, the costs of administration now compared with estimates of what were incurred by the private owners; that the quality of domestic coal now is largely determined by priorities whereas, before the war, with unemployment consequent upon over-production, the best coal was available to all who could afford to pay for it; the deplorable condition of many mines when the Coal Board took them over which arose from the demand for quick spending money by owners who had no obligation to avoid jeopardising the future of our greatest national asset, and so on. Such matters, it was said, could be inferred from the *Annual Reports;* it was not for the Coal Board to publish anything that could be interpreted as favouring the political party to which it owes its existence. Secondly, the climate of Hobart House is that of the Civil Service. The gentlemen of Whitehall follow the tradition of gentlemen everywhere; they do not boast of their achievements. And thirdly, the Board does not include any ardent Socialists nor does it favour Left-wing enthusiasm in high places.

Small wonder therefore that the public is ill-informed, but what follows is perhaps even more detrimental to the national welfare: the industry itself is uninspired. As a consequence, the working of the consultative machinery, from which alone tangible incentives can flow, is most disappointing in that far below 100 per cent. effectiveness has been achieved.

Despite all this the Coal Board has done a magnificent job, but it simply would not let me, or anyone else, say so.

I agree with you that it is, of course, primarily the task of the Labour Party to attend to this kind of propaganda and I am sure that it does its best, but who apart from the already converted reads it? Since vision and inspiration are desperately needed to reduce costs by stimulating output per manshift I think there is a case for relaxation by the Coal Board or else for interference by the responsible Minister in its constitution. CLIFTON REYNOLDS

Shelley House, Marlow.

CO-OPERATORS AND LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—Your admirable article cannot be dealt with adequately in a letter, and the following remarks refer to some of your points. Many active Co-operators are becoming aware that nationalisation in practise to-day has little or nothing in common with democratic control and may not lead to a Co-operative Commonwealth.

The attitude of the Co-operative Movement towards State Control and State Socialism has been clearly expressed at Co-operative Congresses and in literature. The Edinburgh Co-operative Congress in 1943 stated that where, as in heavy and extractive industries, special boards may be necessary, democratically elected representatives from the consumers of the industry's products should sit on these boards, which should be subject to open criticism in Parliament.

A special committee on State Purchase representing all sections of the British Co-operative Movement reported as early as 1930 "as hostile to the setting up of a State buying department on civil service lines" (Cole. *A Century of Co-operation*. P. 277), and that whatever the State might do, the Co-operative Movement must have the freedom to develop trade locally, nationally and internationally.

Blandford and Thompson in earlier days, Hemstock and Jack Bailey in our time, have all stressed the great need for the extension of Co-operative methods in industry—production and distribution.

There is no evidence of Co-operative mindedness in the methods of our planners whose economics will produce some kind of State Socialism but will not give us a humanised Co-operative Commonwealth.

Whilst it will be admitted that there is immediate need for more definiteness by the Co-operative Movement as to the part it wants to play in the planning of our economic and social life (see report of 1950 conference of Co-operative Party), I think the Labour Party and Government must realise that some of its present-day theories and practices will have to give place to Co-operative methods. H. GREVILLE

59 Aberdare Gardens,
Hampstead, N.W.6.

BELGIAN CRISIS

SIR,—Dr. Caemmerts argues in his letter on "The Belgian Crisis" that abdication "would not be democratic since it would be opposed to the wish expressed by 58 per cent of the people."

This argument can be criticised at least in three ways.

1. Even those who accept the principle of the recent referendum must consider that its results are by no means clear. The supporters of the King made every possible effort to make people believe that they had to choose between monarchy and republic, or even between monarchy and Communism. (A Leopoldist placard showed Stalin saying: "Si vous votez *non*, j'arrive"). No doubt this kind of propaganda impressed conservative-minded people who would have voted *no*. If some of the people who voted *yes* just voted for the monarchy, who can say whether they prefer King Leopold to come back or his son to succeed him? The letter from Cardinal Van Roeye, which was published by several Catholic newspapers the day before the referendum, and in which it was explained that the royal question was not "a free question," must also be taken into account. Many Catholics voted *yes*, because they believed it was their religious duty to do so.

2. Even if we now accept that a majority clearly expressed the wish that King Leopold should come back and resume his functions, it is not a democratic duty for the minority to submit to that wish. In a democracy, the minority accepts the decisions of the majority, because it can reasonably hope to become the majority at another election, and then change the situation. But the situation which those who speak in the name of the majority try to impose upon the minority, in the present Belgian issue, would last as long as King Leopold lives, and could not be changed by another majority. A minority can accept the Ministers or the President chosen by the majority, but not the King.

3. Democracy is possible only when people agree on some fundamental questions. About these questions, a minority cannot accept the rule of the majority. The main complaint against King Leopold is that he took by himself political decisions, which only responsible Ministers had the right to take, and so transgressed the Belgian Constitution. Even if a majority endorses the policy of the King, those who believe that monarchy is compatible with democracy only when the King restrains from any interference in politics have the right not to accept that decision. The dramatic side of the present Belgian Crisis is that the transgression of the Constitution by the King created a revolutionary situation, for which the only solution remains abdication. P. BERTELSON

80 Bd. G. Van Haelen, Bruxelles.

LORD VANSITTART'S CHARGES

SIR,—I was one of the more fortunate of those mentioned in Lord Vansittart's recent diatribe. In my case, he managed by some queer chance to get his facts right. His comment on the facts was purely opinionative and Lord Vansittart is entitled to think what he likes even if he would deny that right to those whose views he dislikes.

But, in your comments on his speech, you say nothing about the disturbing fact that no member of the House of Lords protested at the time against a privileged assembly being used to voice untruths, half-truths and slanders which, had they been uttered in any ordinary meeting of decent citizens who know how to behave themselves, would probably have resulted in the speaker's undignified despatch into the street. Indeed, Lord Jowitt who, presum-

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ably, has some responsibility for preserving the decencies of debate in the Lords implied that Lord Vansittart had rendered a public service by making false charges against a number of responsible persons and institutions, by coarse jokes about a lady's figure and by describing his victims in such terms as "murderer" and "charlatan."

Lord Stanagate has done something to redeem the dignity of the House by his motion of censure on Lord Vansittart. According to press reports the reading of that motion was received with "murmurs of approval" from other Labour peers.

It's a pity they delayed their protests until it became clear that the public and the press had, generally, reacted unfavourably to Lord Vansittart's outburst. As it is, we may well wonder whether they were moved more by political expediency than by any sense of decency and fairness. L. C. WHITE

2 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1.

HUMAN RIGHTS AND THE COLONIES

SIR,—According to Article 19 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, Great Britain is under a moral obligation to ensure that in all territories under British rule there shall be free expression of opinion. "Everyone has the right to freedom of expression and opinion," according to the Declaration, and "this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference, and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers."

It would be easy to give many examples of our failure to honour this obligation in the British Colonies, but a single test case may be of more value in clarifying the position. If Article 19 means anything at all, it presumably means, among other things, that the people of Africa would have a right to know what a well-known Negro writer has to say about African affairs. It would not, I take it, mean that the right of Africans to receive such "information and ideas" depended upon whether the opinions expressed were pleasing or otherwise to the Colonial Office or to a Colonial Governor. If this is a right interpretation I should be grateful if any exponent of the present Government's policy would explain to me on what grounds George Padmore's book, *Africa—Britain's Third Empire*, has been banned in Kenya, Uganda, Rhodesia and the Gold Coast.

The real reason for such censorship is that upon which the policy of every totalitarian regime has been based—that the free expression of opinion is subversive; and it may well be true that the colonial system, being *ipso facto* the negation of democracy, can only be continued by the suppression of information and opinions tending to undermine arbitrary power. But in that case it would be more honest if Great Britain publicly dissociated itself from a Declaration of Human Rights which no British Government has so far been prepared to implement. It would also perhaps be better if less were said about the welfare of Colonial peoples until we can produce that freedom and prosperity in the Colonies which would be the only real answer to Padmore's book.

20 Jubilee Place, REGINALD REYNOLDS
Chelsea, S.W.3.

PROGRESSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—As a result of James Cameron's article and the various letters which have appeared in your columns, several people have shown practical sympathy for us at Sherwood—in some cases going to extreme lengths of generosity. May I take this opportunity to thank them publicly, as I have already done privately? Whether enough help has been forthcoming to enable this particular "progressive" school to carry on its work is still an open question; I am concerned in the rest of this letter with the problem which I believe confronts all "progressive" schools.

When our own crisis arose, the question was whether it was due to particular and local circumstances, or whether it was part of a general crisis which threatened us all alike. If it were the former, the obvious thing was to die as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb confidence. If it were mainly the latter, it seemed timely to point out that in the near future all such schools would be faced by increasing difficulties, and that, for many, these difficulties would be so great that their creative work would no longer be possible—unless they received a substantial subsidy from public or private sources. I have seen and corresponded with a considerable number of people, for the most part headmasters or officials, over the last few months, and nothing has been said or written to alter my opinion that those who do not realise that a general crisis threatens are burying their heads in the sand. Almost these very words were used to me a few days ago by one of the most experienced men in the "progressive" movement. So the need to have this matter ventilated appeared, and appears, urgent.

The difficulties of getting help from public sources are twofold: first, there is the difficulty of showing why such schools as ours should be singled out for assistance; and secondly, there is the difficulty of finding a fair and workable basis for giving aid, once the desirability of doing so is admitted.

I find myself in almost complete agreement with what Kenneth Barnes wrote last week, to the effect that, if we are to receive assistance on the grounds that we are doing educational research, it must be recognised that our research is concerned "with the whole art of conducting a school." Our common ground is that *we are trying to practise the art of conducting a school in such a way that the growth of the whole essential nature of every particular child is promoted*, believing that, when this is rightly done, it will incidentally lead to a maximum of social integration. I do not see how this can be done except in relatively small schools with a relatively high proportion of teachers to children. It is these two factors that make us particularly vulnerable in the coming times of financial stringency. Our work can be done in day schools as well as in boarding schools on one condition, namely, that there is genuine understanding between teachers and parents. This again presupposes, I believe, a relatively small school. In those State schools where everything is being done in the way we should wish, and often better than we could do it, it is the parental attitude which often threatens to cancel out much that would otherwise be gained at school. I know, however, of at least one large State school where even this difficulty is being courageously tackled at the time of writing.

With regard to the finding of a fair and workable basis for giving financial assistance I have no practical suggestion. It is obviously a very ticklish problem; but if it is not solved I cannot but believe that the nation will be the poorer. If its solution involves closer contact with the authorities, my own experience, though somewhat more limited than that of Kenneth Barnes, leads me to believe with him that from such contact "progressive" schools have "nothing to lose and a great deal to gain."

Sherwood School, HAROLD A. PRATT
Worple Road, Epsom.

KATYN MASSACRE

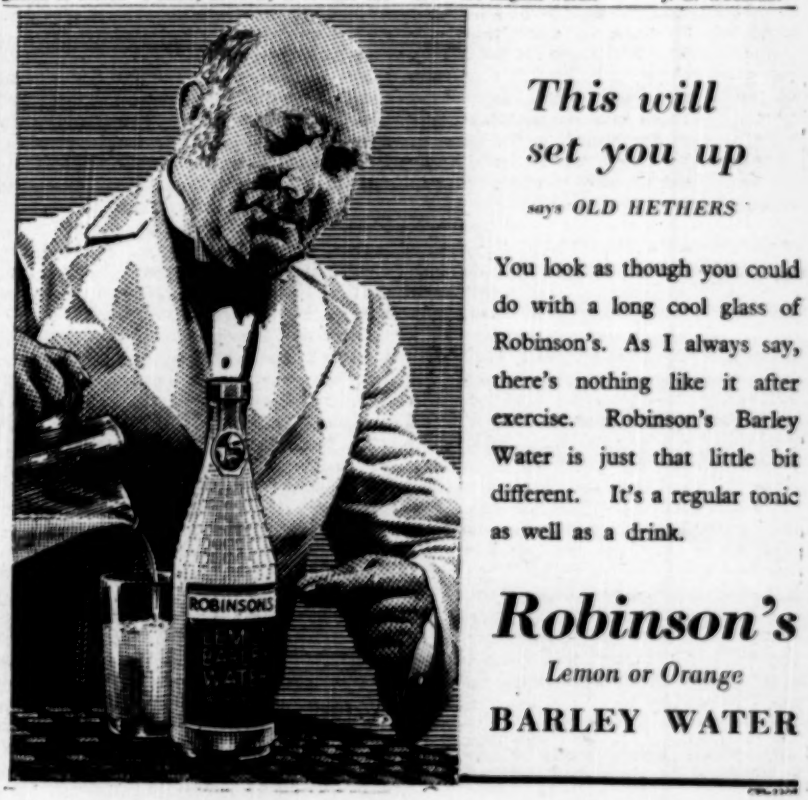
SIR,—It has been announced that a group of Americans under the chairmanship of Mr. Bliss Lane, former U.S. Ambassador to Poland, is to investigate "the massacre of some ten thousand Polish officers at Katyn," in order to establish whether Germany or the Soviet Union was responsible. In view of the reported terms of the inquiry, may I ask the hospitality of your columns to put the following information on record?

In August 1945 I was sent on official business to Germany, where I talked to a considerable number of men who had been in Nazi concentration camps. Among them were two Jewish business men who told me that they, with other concentration camp inmates, had been employed by the Nazis in burying the bodies at Katyn. They told me that the victims were Jews and that, before finally covering the bodies up, they were ordered to throw Polish officers' uniforms on top of them. VIVIAN OGILVIE

162 Westbourne Grove, W.11

COMRADES

SIR,—"Dost" is Persian for "friend" and probably in wider use than in those parts of Russia where Persian is spoken. Perhaps in the same manner General Martel led Stalin to believe that "khaki" and "powwow" are English words. J. G. WOODMAN



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Books in General

THE *Voyages of Captain Cook**, like, it must be confessed, all the voyages of the great ages of discovery, begin by boring the reader. They put an initial strain upon the imagination, forcing us to picture a world so contracted, so crudely unlike the world of our geography lessons, that to open these books is at first like the painful dream of going to school again. The layman finds himself caught in an unmemorable collection of latitudes, longitudes, compass points and soundings of unfamiliar capes, straits, reefs and islands; he has to scratch his head to remember which are the Westerlys and which the South-East Trades, the fading hagiography of barks, brigs and brigantines, not to mention the deuteronomy of navigation. He has a strong impulse to turn back. Once the mere impulse is conquered, however, there are few who will or even can put any volume of these voyages down. We very soon find our sea legs. Excitement rises, pleasure ensues, and the whole beauty of these narratives, no longer archaic, becomes new and irresistible. I have often begun books like these with groans and have ended them with my mind sparkling, with the harrowed and romantic despair that the great centuries of discovery are done and the world is now choked with knowledge of itself.

Some optimists have fancifully said that new centuries of discovery will be directed to the planets. I do not take to the thought of these ungenial and hermetic expeditions. They would be, of course, an extension of the *lonely* phase which exploration has moved into. Only more weather, more featureless air, more ice, more temperature charts, more lung, heart and diet tests await the modern explorer at his meteorological station, in the unknown north or south. New human beings he hardly ever meets, and the only knowledge of man he is likely to come back with is in the painful and censored dossier of his fellow masochists in the observation hut. The terrific modern journey has become a huge introspection and, in the moral and physical sense, a training in being alone. As in so many of the introspective novels, this makes dull reading, though I can think of one or two exceptions, like Beebe's deep-sea observations, and I do not forget the anthropologists—who are in Cook's tradition—but they operate upon the known world. Ultimately, if you carry it far enough, the pessimistic view that discovery is done for seems the more hopeful. As countries close down and continents are sealed off, as war follows war, the world will return to the crude mysteries of the time of Columbus; and then one can imagine a revival of discovery, but a revival in reverse. Europe becomes the lost continent, Britain the *terra Australis;* the mudskins from Africa, Asia, the Pacific, fourteen hundred years hence, are believed to be gods by the Western natives; and will return to proclaim our descendants as the noble savage; while some Marco Polo of those times will go back to the barbarities of Paris and report the unheard-of wealth, arts, luxuries, and inventions of the powerful city state of Hobart, Tasmania.

Captain Cook is well-advanced into the modern period of exploration. He was sent to Tahiti, which had already been discovered by Bougainville, to observe the transit of Venus; he was ordered to settle the question of the missing Pacific continent "once and for all" and he sailed up and down that ocean as if he were squaring up a canvas. Taught by his war service with the Royal Navy in the St. Lawrence he made brilliant charts. Others had discovered an Easter Island or a Tahiti: he charted them, as he charted his own discoveries, the Hawaian groups and the Friendly Isles, the two islands of New Zealand, and the unknown coast he called New South Wales because it recalled Glamorganshire. (Botany Bay was so named by his appreciative botanists.) Cook was a great navigator. His career might be called a prodigious pursuit of order and exactitude; or the capacity for taking pains raised to the point of genius, and borne on by the ambition of the great explorers to go "further than anyone had gone before." The same essentially scientific genius he applied to the observation of human beings. It is due to him that anthropologists have had a minutely reliable record of the habits of the Polynesians, the Maoris and the Australian savages as they were before white civilisation touched them, and he brought back with him from Tahiti the unknown words *totem* and *tabu*. (Mr. Christopher Lloyd, the excellent editor of the present edition of selections from Cook's *Journals*, also discovers the first recorded use of the word Nostalgia. It was used by Banks, the scientist of the expedition, who had picked it up from doctors. It described that fatal homesickness which had often undermined the physical health of seamen on the long voyages of the time.)

Cook was a dour, obstinate, modest and unaffected man. He was a good anthropologist because he was patient and unprejudiced. A Yorkshire labourer's son who had risen because of his gifts, he appears to have been troubled by no sense of a personal barrier between himself and native peoples. He carefully inquired into the religious beliefs of the native races, but I do not find a single one of those references to the Christian God which crop up constantly in the narratives of the earlier navigators. In their narratives, especially those of Columbus and the Dutchman Bontekoe, the phrase "the mercy of God" appears dramatically, poetically, even mystically upon their pages, in those few words conveying to us the seaman's own sense of the desperate strangeness and terror of his adventure. The omission in Cook's *Journals* is significant. He is a man of the eighteenth century engaged upon his "proper studies." This is not to say he was without piety, but his mind was filled with the concern for the strength of his ships in build and armament ("Let them hear the cannon"), by the health of his crew (he lost only one man on his second voyage, an astonishing achievement in care and medicine for those days), by the ship as a necessary community; and finally by everything that gave a material basis for his dominant moral design: the implanting of the need and indeed the usefulness of mercy in men. Happy eighteenth century! To know that civilisation is created by the intercourse of nations!

Cook's *Journals* contain many notes on his attitude to native peoples. It was Bougainville who found the noble savage for the philosophers: Cook found that the savage thieved. The Maoris were cannibals—he had human flesh brought aboard and made the crew watch a Maori eat it. ("Few consider what a savage man is in his natural state.") Only among the wretches of New South Wales did Cook's opinion weaken; here, at last, were people who had the secret of the happy life. They had never had to slave, as he had, on a Whitby collier. But whatever the native peoples did—and they picked pockets, stole from under your nose and even snatched the officers' hats—they were to be leniently treated and forgiven and rewarded by gifts. Even the ghastly massacre of a pinnace crew, who were fried and eaten, was not avenged and when a Maori accused a seaman of theft, the seaman was publicly punished on principle. ("Their robbing us with impunity is by no means a sufficient reason why we should treat them in the same manner, a conduct we see they themselves cannot justify.") Cook was the cunning pragmatist; he could get any stolen property back by arresting the chief and would astonish him by rewarding him afterwards.

The only failure of the moralist was in dealing with his seamen's pursuit of women. Venereal disease and the jealousy aroused among native husbands imperilled (he saw) the success of his expeditions; he could do nothing about it. Cook himself was an austere, non-swearing and silent man who became affable, once a week on Saturdays, when with an extra glass of punch, he would "toast all beautiful women." One can imagine that in Tasmania, where the ladies wore exiguous kangaroo skins, were scarred all over, and tonsured, and where the sailors were noticeably led on only to be rebuffed by these repulsive coquettes, the Captain would put into the toast some flat Yorkshire irony, some northern relish for the disasters rather than the successes of sexual enterprise.

Mr. Christopher Lloyd's selections from the *Journals* have been adroitly made. It is the first step that counts for the reader; after that it is hard to put down the vivid, coraline narrative, so detailed, and so fresh from the event. There are one or two portraits, one or two shocking glimpses of life at sea: in his cups, an American called Magra, cut the clothes off Cook's clerk when he was drunk and finished by clipping his ears, too. "Frolics," were, indeed, apt to occur; many, as the text says in one of those brilliant phrases that recall the high moments of our language, were "disguised with wine." There is a piece of plain prose on the danger of bad charts which I would give as a set model to technical writers.

* *The Voyages of Captain Cook.* Selected and edited by CHRISTOPHER LLOYD. *Cresset Press.* 9s. 6d.

One thrilling episode stands out. Cook took his ship inside the Barrier Reef, when he discovered the coast of New South Wales and ran aground on it. He had no notion of the existence of this immense, saw-edged, wall of coral with its unfathomable water on the seaward side. He saved his ship and afterwards took her through the reef; and on this lee shore—though now there was no wind—he found himself one night drifting towards the breakers in a dead calm with water too deep for anchorage. The sea exploded along it like a mountain-high and seemingly continuous barrage. When sunrise came he saw only one hope; that he might be carried out far enough by the ebb, before the flood swept him back again:

> At this critical juncture, when all our endeavours seemed too little, a small air of wind sprung up, but so small that in any other time in a calm we should not have observed it. With this, and the assistance of our boats, we could observe the ship to move from the reef in a slanting direction; but in less than ten minutes, we had as flat a calm as ever, when our fears were again renewed.

The little wind came and went, teasing them on the edge of destruction. The only course was the desperate one: to get again inside the reef, but with the ebb gushing out like a mill stream they could make no entry when they found one. They succeeded at the flood, through a break which they called Providential Channel. "Such," moralises Cook after three breathless pages, "are the vicissitudes of this kind of service." Nothing venture, nothing have; but if he is going to be charged with imprudence in sailing without charts along this unknown coast and its islands then "it would have been far more satisfactory to me never to have discovered it."

Cook's death was one of the unnecessary deaths of exploration. It occurred in one of those trivial scuffles on the beach which he had often known in his first landings. He himself had often shot first to assert his authority; now, as he turned his back to go towards his boat he was knocked on the head. It is a confused and dreadful story, one of those ironical turns by which a man will be killed without concerted design but in the heat of the moment, by those he has benefited. The Maoris killed with the indifference of an Existentialist out of Camus. Bits of Cook's body—the crew retrieved the hands and the half burned skull—were brought back to the ship. The crew felt, one of them wrote, that they had lost a father. It is not one of the platitudes of grief.

J. S. PRITCHETT

MIDLAND HOTEL

Take a deep look into the bottom of the glass
And see what you can see there. Promontories
Of slaked earth and exhausted factories
Clanking like an old heart. These I see and hear,
Part of my system. I have drained myself
Leaving a sediment, it may be of crystals
Displayed in the windows of the circulation
For cells to pause at. I had had my day
Before it dawned on me. Heavy with peristyles
I turned away catching a backward glimpse
In the museum of showrooms of some huge
Refrigerators, white sarcophagi
And lastly at a late table with half
The lights extinct, I think a ghost-face smiles.

CHARLES MADGE

FASCINATING FIGURES

Patterns of British Life. *Hulton Research.* 25s.

One of the most striking contrasts between Britain and the United States since 1940 is the fashion in which objects change their value as presents. Things one would hesitate to give even to the poorest—sorry, most underprivileged—American become princely gifts when they have crossed the ocean: a box of eggs, a packet of butter or cooking fat, a pair of nylon stockings. In much the same way, our dearth of social statistics makes one welcome with almost extravagant rapture the 81 tables collected by Hulton Research mainly as a guide to their advertisers; though compared with the richness and subtlety of American market research and social surveys the material seems sparse, the data extremely elementary, and the methods by which it is collected and interpreted lacking in statistical and sociological refinement, as far as one can tell from the inadequate technical information in the text.

The analogy however holds good. The knowledge that American groceries are overflowing with every sort of delicacy does not lessen our enjoyment of the modest but well-chosen food parcel, nor diminish the improvement it brings to our table; the knowledge that this type of information, much of it gathered together in this book for the first time, has been a commonplace for twenty years of American sociology does not lessen our appreciation and gratitude for the gift which Mr. Hulton has made us of some statistical information about some aspects of the composition of the British population, and some of its habits of consumption and recreation. Those who have any connection with academic sociology may feel some shame that this information has come from a business firm, shaping its research for its own pragmatic aims, rather than from a university.

The Hulton Readership Survey "is designed, primarily, to give advertisers and advertising agencies a reliable guide to the readership of the most important papers and periodicals published in this country, analysed by class and age, and many other factors which make up the pattern of social circumstances and behaviour." The Survey is based on a "proportionate" or "quota" sample (similar to that used by Gallup and Roper) of 13,000—a surprisingly large figure. Stratification is said to be by sex, age, social class, size and type of locality, by region and by marital status. A number of these criteria however are not reflected in the published tables; one regrets in particular the absence of regional breakdowns, which might have produced some suggestive results, or any reference to the criteria of "size and type of locality." More important from the viewpoint of the analysis of the figures is the inadequate definition of the criterion "social class." The survey uses five economic classes, of which two are merged with their neighbours: the "well-to-do" and the "middle-class" (11 per cent., incomes above £650 a year); the "lower middle class" (17 per cent., incomes £400 to £649 a year) and the "working class" and "the poor" (72 per cent., incomes under £399). A footnote states that

> as defined for the purposes of this survey (investigators are very precisely briefed in this matter) "class" is a blending of social background and income; the income ranges quoted are typical of the incomes of persons in the corresponding classes . . . but do not necessarily apply in every case—for example, a Church of England clergyman, in receipt of less than £400 per annum, is not classed in D Grade (working class).

It is much to be regretted that the investigators' briefing has not been reproduced, and that there is no information included on the discrepancy in the sample between social and economic classification. Social class is certainly an extremely important component in British life (especially, one suspects, in the south-east and south-west regions; but here too we have no information) and any information on the correlation between social class and economic status would have been of great value. One would have liked to know more too on the techniques of interviewing, on where the interviews took place, and over how long a period the interviews were administered. Such additional information would have taken little more space, and would have greatly increased our debt to Mr. Hulton.

The debt is large, though not all the figures are surprising. Many make precise what could formerly be only impressions. One knew that there were a number of childless marriages; the figure is just on 25 per cent. One knew that there were a number of old women living alone; they number slightly over half a million. One knew many Englishmen enjoyed gardening; over nine million men do some gardening, over seven million regularly, whereas only four million women do so. One knew that the pools were popular; but it is surprising to realise that just on fifty per cent. of the male population participate in the football pools. It is perhaps even more surprising to realise that greyhound races draw their attendance from a very small portion of the population; more than 95 per cent. never go at all; they are mainly supported by a small portion of the working class. These figures arouse interesting speculation on British gambling habits; unfortunately betting on horses was not included in the survey.

Perhaps the most startling, in their potential political implications, are the figures on smoking and drinking. In all classes four out of five men and two out of five women smoke; the richer men smoke between 16 and 17, the poorer between 14 and 15 cigarettes a day. But keeping in mind the difference in the size of the groups this means that nearly 70 per cent. of the tobacco is bought by the working class and the poor. The figures for the consumption of beer are similar. A little calculation shows that the working classes pay out quite a lot more money in taxes on these two "luxuries" than they receive back in food subsidies.

Further tables show when, where and for how long the British took their holidays in 1948; how they live, how they light and heat their houses (it is interesting to note that when the British have both gas and electricity they overwhelmingly prefer to cook by gas); patterns of cinema going, and the use of cosmetics; the ownership of houses, of cars, motorcycles and bicycles; the keeping of pets (about half the population of England keeps some pet, cats being the most popular); and of course the reading of newspapers and periodicals.

The readership of forty papers and periodicals is analysed by sex, age and class; this list does not include papers with small circulations confined chiefly to one class, such as *The Times*, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION or other political weeklies. There are a number of surprises here: the most widely read paper in Britain is the *Radio Times*, followed by the *News of the World*. There are a number of papers with high readership—over the million mark—of which the present reviewer has never seen a copy: *Weekly News* (*Thomson's*), *Sunday Post*, *People's Friend*, *Red Letter*, and so on—all papers with predominantly working-class circulations. An analysis of these lists throws considerable light on the sources from which the bulk of our population get their ideas and their diversions. The analysis of readership by class, sex and age is illuminating and provocative of much speculation.

All this valuable material, and much more, is contained in the 81 tables, so clearly and simply arranged that one would have thought they were immediately comprehensible. But Hulton Research apparently believe that most of their readers are statistically illiterate, and nearly half the pages are devoted to a partial verbalisation of these tables, illustrated by graphic charts. This section is the responsibility of Mr. Geoffrey Browne; he omits mention of many of the significant findings, but finds room for journalistic and impressionistic "colour" writing, and for the grumpy airing of many pet animadversions, written in a style which recalls the false geniality

of a Children's Hour Uncle. The tables themselves were edited and compiled by Messrs. Hobson and Henry with the assistance of the staff of Market Information Services Ltd.; all concerned are to be congratulated.

GEOFFREY GORER

AN IMPROBABLE OTHELLO

The Moor of Venice. By RICHARD FLATTER. *Heinemann. 15s.*

Thomas Rymer judged *Othello* to be a Bloody Farce, without salt or savour. Shakespeare, he declared, had proposed to himself no other end than that of entertaining carpenters and cobblers with a show of things monstrous, horrible and prodigious, and the result was an absurd and improbable fable filled with unnatural characters violating all dramatic decorum. In a later age Rymer has not been without his supporters. Mr. Eliot wrote him a cautious chit in 1924. Not long afterwards Robert Bridges reiterated a long-cherished conviction that *Othello* was concocted to afford base excitement to an obtuse audience. In 1945 Harley Granville-Barker declared it to be "a tragedy without meaning." And recently an increasing number of critics has held that if the play is to gain rational acceptance it can only be upon the basis of some critical discovery of their own. Othello has become an incipiently paranoiac romantic idealist, swinging from overtrust to unjust suspicion in a twinkling; or he has a god-pose; or he is an obtuse and brutal egoist filled with ferocious stupidity. Iago is seen as a symbolic representation of Time, or as the Freudian *id*, or as a harmless little man upon whom Othello projects the promptings of his own lurking lunacy. As for Desdemona, she is a tiresome, dishonest and unfilial person, who has only herself to thank for what comes to her.

But all this is only one side of *Othello* criticism. The obverse displays Johnson, convinced that the drama shows "such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as it is vain to seek in any modern writer," Coleridge, elevated by "the solemn agony of the noble Moor"; and Bradley, tracing throughout the play the strictest laws of tragic causality and a deeply philosophical reading of life. Amid such a diversity of interpretations and evaluations we may well be disposed to exclaim, as does Professor Stoll before the spectacle of the protagonist's character: "What is to be made of this heap of contradictions!"

Dr. Flatter is on the side of the apologists. Believing, here as elsewhere, that with a little fresh light all may yet be well, he appears to have embarked upon a general vindication of Shakespeare's genius at fifteen shillings the play. His present book is both too expensive as it stands and much too diffuse: the substance of it would make no more than a sizable chapter in a volume dealing with the tragedies as a whole. Nevertheless, it may be welcomed as the work of a professional translator who possesses a close knowledge of the text, a frequent felicity in its detailed interpretation, and a disposition to deal—albeit ramblingly—with the real problems of the play. Essentially, these problems reduce themselves to two simple questions. Is *Othello* plausible? Is *Othello* tragic?

Can we believe in Iago's wanting to do as he does, and can we believe in his success? Dr. Flatter declines to see Iago as "cynicism incarnate," "a demon" or the like, and insists that he is a credible human being, evincing a pathological atrophy of moral feeling and an equally pathological hypertrophy of histrionic and dramaturgic instinct. There is nothing very novel in this conception. It is, indeed, Hazlitt's ("He is an amateur of tragedy in real life . . . "). But Dr. Flatter refines upon it with some skill. Iago does not, as Hazlitt would seem to suggest, set forth to enact a tragedy. It is comedy he is after; and, beginning with a mere sketch of a plot, he improvises as he goes along. His power so to improvise is what he particularly exults in. It is, in fact, of a real-life *Commedia dell'arte* that he is an amateur. But if his motivating passion is simply a craze for play-acting, why does it take the particular bent it does? Not, Dr. Flatter thinks, because of any real hatred for Othello or desire for military advancement. Iago is living on the gull Roderigo; when the news of Desdemona's marriage breaks, this source of revenue must somehow be retained; Iago, therefore, falls to spinning the first yarn that comes into his head, and from this he is led on by sheer creative excitement to elaborate, in a theatre where he is himself the sole spectator, the Bloody Farce of Cyprus. There is a sense in which Rymer, it seems, was not so far wrong after all.

So much for the plausibility of the action. What of the fitness of the concluding scene as a tragic spectacle? For Dr. Flatter those who, like Johnson, speak of it as "not to be endured," are "gloomy worshippers of the Baal of pessimism." Othello's is far from being a "miserable end." He dies supremely happy. His killing of Desdemona has, indeed, a little dashed his spirits. But when the truth comes out, and he realises that he has acted "as a blind instrument in Iago's hands," he sees that it is in truth Iago and not he who has murdered Desdemona, and so "his soul is free, ready to join in its flight the unblemished soul of his wife." His last emotion is that of a husband who, overwhelmed with joy, welcomes back his wife whom he has feared lost:

> If the actor, having stabbed himself, moves towards Desdemona's bed, smiling, nay laughing with relief and jubilation; when he "dies upon a kiss" as a lover in the ecstasy of happiness; when he combines the frenzy of death with the rapture of love, then, I think, he will do what Shakespeare wished him to do.

But will he? Dr. Flatter has himself shown again and again how Shakespeare, distrusting stage directions and theatrical tradition, binds his indications of action into his dialogue. Nor did Shakespeare ever write lines, crucial for the whole significance of a play, the implication of which could lie concealed for centuries. If "O fool! fool! fool!" were meant to convey Othello's "almost blissful feeling of relief" on discovering the extent to which he had been Iago's mere puppet, the point would not have been left for Dr. Flatter to drag from hiding. And the unforced text gives us something quite different. Othello, realising the extent to which he has been deceived, feels an overwhelming sense of degradation from which his only escape is into the self-dramatisation of his last long speech. It is a sombre close. Dr. Flatter's close would, I suspect, be less sombre than revolting.

J. I. M. STEWART

MUNICH ONCE MORE

Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918-1945. From the Archives of the German Foreign Ministry. Series D, Volume II. Germany and Czechoslovakia, 1937-1938. *Stationery Office. 21s.*

Once the Allies had captured the German archives they were bound to publish their secrets; and someone has to read these bulky volumes as they pour out. But it is a staggering task; and we are not much wiser at the end. The German Foreign Office and diplomatic service carried even less weight with Hitler than their British counterparts did with Chamberlain, and not much more than the State Department did with Roosevelt. The German military archives (like those of the Cabinet office in England) remain unexplored; and we still do not know the technical information on which Hitler (or Chamberlain) acted—if indeed they acted on rational grounds at all. There are no sensations in this new German volume; only the story of painstaking diplomacy distracted by Hitler's spasmodic interventions. It is no news that Henlein was acting throughout under Hitler's orders or that no Czech concession could have satisfied the Sudeten Germans; any sensible person knew this in 1938. Nor are there any startling additions to the ranks of the British appeasers; only Lord Allen of Hurtwood appears as the angel of the Munich annunciation. Nevile Henderson and Horace Wilson are more tarnished than ever; their shifty political manœuvres cannot remove responsibility from the Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister who employed them.

This volume of German documents confirms the impression of the British volumes on Munich. The German Foreign Ministry meant to sap Czechoslovakia by steady pressure, not by war. The assurances given to the Czechs at the time of the seizure of Austria were originally sincere: old-style German policy meant to swallow Czechoslovakia whole, not to dismember it. The Sudeten Germans were told to be reasonable and conciliatory; but they, resenting this instruction, appealed against it to Hitler. On March 28 Hitler decided against the Foreign Ministry and in favour of a policy of violence. There is no evidence that Hitler had a coherent plan; he simply disliked the tactical moderation of the diplomats and, with the spirit of a mischievous boy, preferred violence for the sake of violence. The seizure of Austria had given him a taste for sensations; and he wanted to get another, even bigger, sensation out of Czechoslovakia, though without any clear idea how this could be brought about. Thus, from the end of March, 1938, there were two German policies: the policy of the professional diplomats, hoping to reduce Czechoslovakia imperceptibly and by peaceful means; and Hitler's policy of forcing a crisis at some dramatic moment for undefined ends. Until the early days of 1938, the old-style "good" Germans had supposed that they had Hitler under control; with Fritsch out and with Ribbentrop instead of Neurath, they had lost the game, and this volume records a rear-guard action, a series of futile protests against the Fuehrer who had become truly all-powerful.

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It would be a great mistake to regret Hitler's victory. He differed from the generals and diplomats in method, not in aim; indeed, since he was incapable of systematic thought, he had no aim except to take advantage of the moment. The old-stylers were infinitely more dangerous to the rest of Europe, since they were more skilful in method and clear as to their intentions. They meant to establish Germany as the dominant power of Europe; and they would have done it except for Hitler's pursuit of theatrical violence. We should therefore be very grateful that Hitler broke loose in 1938. After March, 1938, one is dealing with a madman, or at any rate one who did not work on rational principles; it is therefore difficult to make sense of the story. After backing the Sudeten extremists at the end of March, Hitler soon forgot about them; and the German and British diplomats had another go at appeasement. It is often said that the Czech mobilisation on May 21 first provoked Hitler to a violent decision; but here again this theory seems too orderly and rational. There is a hint in these documents that Hitler, or some Nazi agent, may have deliberately circulated the rumours of German troop-movements in order to push the Czechs into mobilisation and thus provide an excuse for Hitler's explosion.

Still, Hitler did not settle his course even at the end of May. British appeasement, not Czech resistance, made him decide to provoke a crisis before the autumn. Until the Runciman mission, even Hitler could not believe that the British would carry their surrender so far. No doubt, Nevile Henderson had been emphasising this for months; but then Hitler and Ribbentrop knew that the German ambassadors did not represent the views of Germany's ruler, and probably they took Henderson no more seriously than their own diplomats. It was the attitude of the British Government which encouraged Hitler to lay his hands on Czechoslovakia when he did. First the Runciman mission, then the anxious appeals in August, and finally Chamberlain's arrival at Berchtesgaden—these really left Hitler no choice: he had to be aggressive and certainly enjoyed the experience. When Chamberlain first turned up, Hitler had no idea what to ask for. His first demands were simply for a payment on account. By the time of the Godesberg meeting, the Hungarians had voiced their claims against Czechoslovakia; and Hitler saw the chance of finishing with the Czechs altogether. This, too, was pure improvisation. Finally, the prospect of British resistance made him postpone the Godesberg programme, yet still get at Munich a great deal more than he had ever expected. There is one observation to be added. If Hitler had not been convinced that the Poles would co-operate with him and that the Russians would not give Czechoslovakia any effective help, he would have been more cautious. The Russians can be no more absolved in the Munich crisis than they can be made to bear all the blame for the outbreak of war twelve months later.

The absurd part of the story is that the whole crisis was unnecessary. If first the Czechs, then the French, and finally the British had not been so eager to negotiate, Hitler would not have moved. Of course, he was always on the look-out for weak spots and intended violence sooner or later; but he did not expect decisive success in 1938. The old-style German diplomats expected it still less; and, though there is no hint in this volume of the alleged plot against Hitler, it seems logical enough that the generals and diplomats, expecting failure, thought that they would have to get rid of Hitler, not, of course, to defeat his aims, but to accomplish them successfully later. This is the flaw in the present apologies for Weizsäcker, Rommel, Schacht, and the rest of the high-minded crew. They were infinitely more dangerous to the liberties of Europe than Hitler was. Hitler himself characterised the Munich crisis when he said: "*Ich bin vom Himmel gefallen*," or, in English equivalent: "You could have knocked me down with a feather." The British and French were too busy using their feathers as the sign of surrender to think of turning them to any other purpose.

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Twelve Against the Law. By EDWARD D. RADIN. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

The Old Wig. By J. B. SANDBACH. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

The American cinema has introduced a new and strange world of legal procedure: a world where Defences rest and objections are furiously sustained or overruled, where the D.A. hectors the jury in bitterly personal terms, and the Judge spends more time with the gavel than the pen. The blue-chinned detectives, lounging outside elevator-shafts, cleaning immaculate nails, are a part of this world: the roving patrol-car driver, seen only through the driving-mirror, is a landmark; so is the white-coated lab. scientist, the speed-cop with his peaked cap, goggles and McArthur jaw, the crooked mouthpiece, the tobacco smoke.

This is the world of *Twelve Against the Law*. An account of twelve recent American crimes, mostly murders, it is the literary equivalent of those second-feature films of which one never sees more than the last ten minutes. No information is ever passed: it is "rushed" or "hurried." And not to ordinary policemen either, but to men like William D. Bush, Chief of Detectives, "stern and implacable foe of criminals." Sleuth-hounds whistle, witnesses gasp, assistant chiefs smile in rueful agreement. It is as if Mr. Arbuthnot, the cliché expert, had finally gotten round to crime.

The cases themselves vary considerably in interest. The first one, which tells how a café-owner's parrot squawked out the name of its master's murderer, is perhaps the most astonishing; while *The Corpse That Walked*, with its opening shot of three haggard bathers linked arm in arm, the centre man dead, stumbling towards the stormy and almost deserted sea, has a touch of the genuine macabre. What one misses from all of them is the twist, the unexpected ending that the manner of their telling would seem to promise. Mr. Edward D. Radin is no dispassionate reporter, calmly narrating the ways of the law; his language and attitude are those of the slick paper-back fiction-writer: but his matter is intractable, and no amount of confusing adjectives can disguise the fact that the villain is invariably either the most obvious suspect or else someone one has not heard of before his unmasking. What, one wonders, would Ellery Queen have to say?

The book's most remarkable feature is its style. For the most part this is plain Reader's Digest, which, heaven knows, is remarkable enough; but occasionally it takes wing, and becomes pure Perelman:

> The bird was the pride and joy of Max Geller, owner of the restaurant, who turned down many tempting cash bids from enchanted guests. His regular customers enjoyed the discomfiture of shocked strangers, and they would laugh and call for more drinks, adding to the profits.

Mr. Radin observes in his Preface: "One fact which will emerge from reading [the cases] is the importance to the police of applied psychology." This, in practice, seems to mean that the detectives hold their suspects in custody for several weeks, if need be giving them courses in the Mendelian theory of genetics, and then loosing on them, in order to extract a confession, evidence which would in any case be enough to convict them. The stratagem invariably works, the detectives nod to one another, the wretched criminal is led away. All so familiar by now. But one misses the big picture.

By contrast, Mr. Sandbach's recollections of his life as a London Metropolitan Police Magistrate could hardly be milder. The author, one of the best-known and most respected members of his profession, has sketched his history with a modest (and, it must be allowed, unpractised) hand. There is only one murder trial in it, the Browne-Kennedy case, which is devoid of the least peculiarity: the two men shot a policemen, were found within a few months, blamed one another, and were hanged. Nobody connected with the case straightens to his full six feet three inches and surveys the prospect with hazel eyes; nobody stiffens suddenly, not even the corpse; it is a straightforward, home-grown, second-page affair.

Yet tame as it may be, it is the only excitement in the book. For the rest, *The Old Wig* will please those who know the author, and can read between the widely spaced lines; and there is a fine, old-fashioned ring about the phrase (he is speaking of a Metropolitan Magistracy): "I therefore let it be known in the proper quarters that I should be very glad to have one." But a penny a page is dear for such rewards; and crude as it is, *Twelve Against the Law* does at least explain what led up to the courtroom scene into which one has stumbled so many Monday nights.

FRANK HAUSER

NEW NOVELS

The Lost Traveller. By ANTONIA WHITE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

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My Time, My Life. By GEORGE CAMDEN. *Dent.* 8s. 6d.

Malice of Monday. By ERIC BURGESS. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

We are all, under our improbable exteriors, convent-trained, and this we owe to Miss Antonia White. No novel-reader but carries within him, somewhere, the ghost of a Child of the Five Wounds. The impact of *Frost in May* owed something to the author's brilliant coat-trailing, to her exquisite feeling for the rebarbative, and to her arrival on the scene at a time when one's idea of "a Catholic novel" had been formed by

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Manzoni and Maurice Baring, and not by Mr. Greene and Mr. Waugh. These talents and circumstances made the book striking; others made it memorable—the continuously dramatic construction, the sharp, evocative writing, a lyricism micaceously ironic. There are some incidents in *Frost in May* which I can remember with that vividness which only comes when one has looked through the eyes of a writer of unusual visual perceptiveness, and I think I should remember them even if I had not read the book several times.

It is inevitable, therefore, that in *The Lost Traveller* we should feel like Old Children returning on a visit. Mount Hilary is deeply familiar. We can feel only once what it means to go there as a new child, a convert's daughter, with an ignorance of apologetics almost as complete as one's ignorance of the Almanach de Gotha, unpossessed of quarterings, Paquin cloaks and ponies. Miss White makes no bones about it; Mount Hilary is, essentially, Lippington over again; Mr. Batchelor, down to minute details, is Mr. Grey; in Nicole de Savigny there is much of Léonie de Wesseldorf; in Clara much of Nanda. The plot, too, is in essentials the same—the happy convent childhood and the profound emotional shock which is itself the climax of a religious training.

Clearly this is not accidental; in repeating some of the elements of character, incident and plot of *Frost in May* Miss White, we may take it, was deliberately focusing our interest. What are the *differences* between the two books? In *The Lost Traveller* the convent occupies less space; the secular High School, only an appalling prospect in *Frost in May*, is a vivid actuality in the later book. Clara's parents occupy far more space in their own right than Nanda's did. We leave Nanda as a child; Clara not until she is a grown woman. And so we begin to arrive at the point. *Frost in May* was about children; *The Lost Traveller* is about adults; the former was about accepting discipline, the latter about accepting responsibility. We are getting nearer the point. To Nanda-Clara responsibility means one primary matter: the possibility of a vocation. For Nanda the possibility was not immediate; for Clara it is. There is a moment when one feels that the point is at last clear; that Clara has in fact a vocation. But after all *The Lost Traveller* ends upon a note of uncertainty, almost of anti-climax. And so, although it is a longer, fuller and more mature book than *Frost in May*, it lacks the impact. After a second reading, indeed, one is left with an impression of brooding morbidity. The convent is Miss White's subject. In it she cannot put a foot wrong; outside it she never goes wrong with her Catholic characters, and some of her non-Catholic characters are drawn with sympathy as well as insight. But her High School is seen through the eyes of Mount Hilary, and it is a really unholy mixture of St. Trinian's and Angela Brazil. At other points over which she has extended her range Miss White has been much more successful—the family portrait of the Cohens, Mrs. Batchelor's tenuous but touching love affair, the relationship between Mr. Batchelor and his father. Yet at the level on which we are bound to take it *The Lost Traveller* is not, in its lack of a final dramatic certainty, satisfying.

Turning from Miss White to Mr. Green's book gives one the impression of walking into a particularly ill-organised but exceedingly violent smash-and-grab raid. It is an altogether preposterous book, in which the grossly improbable is regularly capped by the utterly incredible. The idea of having an educated, successful and reasonably honest man desert from the Army in war-time and get mixed up in the black market and a mail-order business in semi-pornographic postcards is, so to speak, the ground floor of this novel. In the basement there is some more serious skulduggery—Nazi agents, M.I.5, violence and murder; the first floor contains the relationship between the hero and his wife; in the outhouses there are elements of lunacy, loss of memory, and a very queer triangular relationship between Frank and Harriet, and a girl called Dora.

Fortunately, these elements are not all active at the same time, but enough of them are enough of the time to produce a fine old chaos. What's good about all this? First, that one's simmering rebellion does not quite boil over, partly because Mr. Green is a cunning hand at the game, and partly because one wants to see if there's anything that will stop him. Secondly, the witch's brew produces some exhalations which, in a weird way, are impressive. The best of these come from the triangular relationship, which is over quite early in the book. Here the improbability, the electric, thundery atmosphere, is successful; it compels one to accept and understand something which needs imagination and sympathy. Few contemporary writers could catch a note like this, and although Mr. Green holds it for the briefest of moments and never catches it again it is a reward for the feeling one has at the end of this book of having been beaten up with one of these expensive pigskin-covered coshes.

There is nothing improbable or strained about *My Time, My Life*, and the suspicion with which I opened it turned out to be unjustified. The publishers introduce this author as a working-class writer whose notes "came the way of a man of letters"—a phrase which calls up a picture of a top-hatted Victorian lecturing in the Mechanics' Institute. But the book isn't at all a suitable subject for condescension; nor is it one of those grimly self-conscious pieces of proletarian writing which formed our penitential reading before the war. It's true that it has something of the staccato monosyllabic style ("We don't. The minutes pass. Well, I suppose they're minutes. All quiet. I stretch myself out."), and also the material, since the narrator works in a factory and lives through the blitz in the East End. But it is a well-composed novel on a simple theme of work and the love of a young married couple and their baby among the dangers and squalors of the civilian war. It isn't a masterpiece, but it's well done, particularly when it deals with Bill and Pat and when it explores Bill's political feelings—a combination of profound anarchism, working-class loyalty, anti-boss suspicion, ignorance and common sense.

Mr. Camden is at his best when the going is hardest—in dealing with the accumulation of detail, the apparently pedestrian, or on the other hand with direct emotion. The death of Pat and the baby, and Bill's immediate reactions, ring true, and the writing makes one enter into his feelings; the chapter after that, I think, is on rather a false note.

Malice of Monday is a novel of a very different kind, appearing professional and contrived where *My Time, My Life* appears amateurish and natural. It deals with a day's happenings in a City firm in the cut-throat early Thirties, and if it was not actually written then (which I'm inclined to suspect) it certainly manages to catch the atmosphere with startling fidelity. It's rather hard to believe that all the things could ever happen even on the worst of Mondays, but after a normally disagreeable one you could while away the evening on this with a good deal of pleasure. It will show you that things could have been worse.

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EAST AND WEST

News from Soviet Germany. By FRITZ LÖWENTHAL. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. *Gollancz.* 18s.

News from Soviet-dominated lands must always be welcome if only because there is so little of it, and every scrap that comes to hand, even when second-hand and out of date, seems charged with significance. It is one of the more disturbing aspects of the post-war cleavage between East and West that in their passionate day-to-day polemics both sides seem in fact to know less and less what they are talking about, and this is especially true of the two halves of Germany. Despite the fact that the Western world maintains, in Berlin, an unparalleled outpost deep inside Soviet-controlled territory, one glance at the violent multifariousness of the Berlin press suffices to show how little factual information can be gleaned from it. The surface has become all interpretation, and the facts remain inaccessible even to those who normally should have them right under their noses. The occasional brave or desperate man who surfaces from these hidden depths and swims to the other shore has become nearly the only source of enlightenment.

Dr. Löwenthal is such a brave and desperate man, but it is over two years since he crossed over and much of his news, though voluminous and volubly presented, is stale. Besides it is not gathered into a comprehensive and dispassionate survey of the Soviet Zone of Germany explaining in detail its constitutional structure and its politi-

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cal, economic, and cultural development since the end of the war. A fully documented survey of this kind is much needed and could render very real service, if not toward a reconciliation of the two halves of Germany, at least toward a proper appreciation and understanding of "what one is talking about." Dr. Löwenthal, who seems to feel the breach is beyond healing, has deliberately neglected this aspect, and has written a furious indictment instead.

This is understandable. Dr. Löwenthal writes in full and grievous view of all his ideals wrecked and illusions shattered. A German lawyer who joined the Communist Party in 1927 and became a member of the Reichstag in 1930, he fled to Russia when Hitler came to power and spent the Nazi years in Moscow. Repatriated in the autumn of 1946, he was given a responsible appointment in the Central Legal Administration of the Soviet Zone which he held for just over six months, until May, 1947, when the "need for intellectual integrity vanquished my desire for comforting illusions," and he fled to the West. None of the great mass of documentary evidence which he was able to collect during this brief stay in the Soviet-controlled administration goes beyond that date, and the author, furthermore, wishes it to be regarded as "a sampling rather than a complete picture." These circumstances, taken together, confine the value of his compilation to certain narrow limits, and the very genuine anger of his "passionate protest" against Communist insincerity, gallousness and lawlessness, reduce its readability and persuasion.

But even an indictment contains information, and Dr. Löwenthal, despite the fact that the intervening years have cut some of the ground away from under his feet while adding a host of new developments (among them the establishment of the East German Republic, which render many of his references irrelevant), has a story to tell. His conclusion, drawn from a truly massive case-book of fraud, corruption, arbitrary arrest, conviction without trial, murder, rape robbery, and kidnapping, is essentially a lawyer's verdict. Inevitably he finds that a political creed which relies on the unscrupulous application of these means in order to establish and maintain itself, invalidates its own purpose and ideals and support for it is incompatible with "intellectual integrity."

But what is "intellectual integrity"? Dr. Löwenthal does not raise the question, and one does not blame him for it. His thoroughly honourable yet rigidly academic approach to the problem of Soviet justice does make it difficult, if not impossible, for him to appreciate the revolutionary revision of this very concept which Soviet doctrine implies, and of which the more glaring outrages in the field of law and jurisprudence which he observes and records, are but the palpable manifestations. He has some intelligent and clear-sighted observations on the subject of the two conceptions, diversionary activity and sabotage, and they show his awareness that the real trouble lies elsewhere. But he does not pursue this line of analysis, and it does not lead him to the conclusion that news from Soviet Germany, or from any other Soviet-dominated country, is not made readily intelligible by pronouncing on it with the help of the traditional Western legal dictionary. Yet that is the conclusion at which the student, looking for keys among a mass of locks, invariably arrives.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

Envoy: An Irish Review of Literature and Art. Edited by JOHN RYAN, VALENTIN IREMONGER and J. K. HILLMAN. Monthly, 2s.

Now that the Board of Trade at last allows us to import periodicals from Ireland, there is every reason why *Envoy* should be read over here. It is published in Dublin and it is parochial in a good sense: concerned with the books, plays and paintings produced in Ireland, with the policy of Dublin publishers, with the reading tastes of the Irish public. But it is not narrow, it takes in all Ireland (stories, poetry and advertising come from Belfast as well as Dublin), its interests go far beyond the country, and its name implies a two-way traffic. The editors mean it to be an envoy of Ireland to Europe and of Europe to Ireland. The latest issue (Vol. 2, No. 1) has good examples of both functions, in Julien Benda's essay on Criticism (an address given in Venice to the P.E.N. Congress) and Edward Sheehy's article on the Ulster painter Colin Middleton. Outstanding contributions in earlier numbers were Arland Ussher on Abelard, Joseph Hone on Croce, Lionel Miskin on James Ensor. Patrick Kavanagh contributes to every number an extract from his salty and coat-trailing diary. There have been good poems by names not familiar to English readers—Anthony Cronin, John Hewitt, Roy McFadden—and articles on painters whom we have hardly had the chance of seeing in London.

Two Politicians in Search of a Party. By BRIAN BAREFOOT AND TOM COTTRELL. *Quality Press.* 6s.

Both authors were students at the University of Edinburgh during the early years of the War and one, Brian Barefoot was also a Cambridge undergraduate during the middle Thirties. Each describes the phases of his political development, the events and intellectual influences which led him, in turn, to Pacifism, Communism, Scottish Nationalism and Fabian Socialism. They go on to discuss the impact of civilian and Army life on themselves and other ex-students. Why do so many students revolt from the middle-of-the-road politics of their parents and turn enthusiastically towards radicalism, only to lose interest in politics or revert to a more moderate view in later life? Mr. Barefoot and Mr. Cottrell draw on their own case histories to explain the psychological reasons for this process. Written in 1946, this book suffers from the long delay in publication. Their conclusion that they, in common with most of their generation, have lost interest in politics seems a strange and unconvincing claim in 1950. "It is obvious," they assert, "that there are very few grounds for a reasonable man to indulge in political activity." In fact, "T.C. gives up reading the papers and B.B. thinks of trying for a job in Ecuador or Tasmania." The title of this book misleads the reader to expect a constructive criticism of the philosophies and policies of the present parties, and positive suggestions about the kind of party and policy for which the authors are searching. On the contrary, they are trying to justify their own apathetic and fatalistic attitude towards politics. "To sit around discussing foreign politics," they conclude, "is ultimately to discuss the prospect of the disappearance of human life as we know it." Thus the impact of their book is negative. The passages on student politics in Cambridge and Scotland will interest those who have been active in the student movement; but the writers fail to contribute much of interest for a wider audience.

The Year's Work in the Theatre, 1948-49. Edited by J. C. TREWIN. *Longmans*, for the British Council. 3s. 6d.

The British Council could do us all—general public, interested foreigners, students or critics of the theatre—a useful service with their new and reasonably priced publication (twin to their *Year's Work in Music*) if only they could avoid so long a time-lag—in this case eight months. 1948-1949 here means June 1st, 1948, to May 31st, 1949. Certainly we must allow for difficulties in production; still, topicality is everything in a sphere so ephemeral as the theatre, where time is measured in runs rather than in years. Mr. Trewin has brought together a varied group of articles and the format is well designed, as one would expect from Lionel Carter, founder of the *Masque*. We have long needed a sensible appraisal of the position in the theatre of Somerset Maugham, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., as A. V. Cookman terms him in his balanced contribution. Elsewhere we have Tyrone Guthrie on three of his productions—most interesting. Ivor Brown on the work of the Old Vic—what one would expect. Alan Dent on Repertory Theatres—a sensible survey; and much besides. Less good is James Laver on décor; he distributes indiscriminate praise with the monotonous impartiality of an ambassadress shaking hands. This book is designed for foreign consumption, and presumably a critical approach is not thought to be appropriate. Surely there is a hidden fallacy in this? It is an excellent idea to include features on the ballet (by Ninette de Valois and Philip Hope-Wallace), on the Music Hall (by Harold Hobson) and on the Festivals (by Eric Keown). Useful appendices of books on the theatre and plays, and four colour reproductions of sets and décor, further enhance this little volume.

Week-end Competitions

Special Competition

Nijinsky has become a legend even for those who never saw him dance. We invite poets to commemorate him in a valedictory poem and will offer ten guineas for those selected for publication in our pages. The poems will be judged by Mr. Stephen Spender and Miss Janet Adam Smith, and must reach this office by Monday, May 15th.

No. 1,052

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for a four line epigram in rhyming verse on NOT wanting a television set. Entries by April 25th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,049

Set by Naomi Lewis

A correspondent has recently pointed out that *Alice in Wonderland* could not have been told first on Carroll's "golden afternoon" of July 4th, 1862, because the records of the Meteorological Office show that the weather then was "cool and rather wet"—no day, in short, for a picnic. The usual prizes are offered for a letter to *The Times* of not more than 150 words suggesting some such trivial discrepancy in any other English literary work.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Your true connoisseur of Homer's nods, like your genuine *Times* correspondent, is born, not made. Competitors ready, with their inexhaustible good will, to throw themselves into any part, strove to give the appearance of concealing a fearful joy beneath a manner suave, pontifical and admonitory. If they did not, they were soon disqualified. Some instances were shockingly authentic; Allan M. Laing's, for instance:

> Surely, Sir, I am not the first to note that although Mr. Pickwick remained in the Fleet Prison for only five weeks, he is yet said to have been so upset by the misery around him that he shut himself up in his room there for three months? Moreover having entered the prison in October, he was released "within a week of the close of the month of July," which date curiously happened to be also "a fine October morning." . . .

My own taste is for the mad logic of: "Were Milton indeed living at this hour, he would be no less than 199 years of age . . ." (S.W.H.); or of M. C. Henderson's denial that the particular stones in *Break, break, break* were grey. "A light biscuit colour fading to champagne is the most common colour . . . While wet, they might appear grey to the careless observer, but evaporation, which takes place almost immediately, should speedily correct this view." Prizes: a guinea and a half each is awarded to R. S. Stanier and J. P. Stevenson, whose entries, by the way, were so apt that I suspect the amateur status of their composers; a guinea each to E. Bedwell and Margaret Usborne, and 10s. 6d. each to Frank Pavry and J. F. P., who illustrated his theory with a map. Runners-up: Joyce Longley, L. G. Udall, S. W. H., E. C. Allberry, Allan M. Laing, Barbara Blass, Robert Gaffikin, Michael Brown.

SIR,—Probably not all readers of Browning's short poem, Memorabilia, realise that the poet was mistaken in thinking the feather he picked up was an eagle's. *Aquila Chrysaetus* (the Golden Eagle) is out of the

question, as in 1842 Browning had not visited Scotland or Wales; and even if we suppose—what is by no means certain—that the Sea Eagle, *Haliaetus Albicilla*, was still breeding on Dartmoor, Browning makes it clear that this was not the moor he was crossing. He says the moor had "a name of its own," whereas Dartmoor, of course, takes its name from the river. The feather was, no doubt, a buzzard's, either *Buteo Vulgaris* (the Common Buzzard) or, more probably, *Circus Aeruginosus* (the Moor Buzzard).

Browning's mistake was a fortunate one, as, if he had been obliged to write, "I picked up . . . a buzzard-feather," the force of the poem would have been, to a great extent, dissipated.

Yours faithfully,
R. S. STANIER

SHAKESPEARE'S ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—While admitting Shakespeare's meticulous knowledge of classical architecture—as in *Julius Caesar*, where the reference to chimney-tops as a coign of vantage for sightseers can be verified from Pliny—I would add that nearer home Tudor scholarship was not always so well informed. The first "Norman" castles, for example, were in fact built by the Plantagenets, and it is unlikely that even motte-and-bailey strongholds, so numerous in Stephen's reign, were known *tempore Regis Edwardi*, at any rate north of the Tweed; so Macbeth could hardly have fixed Macdonwald's head "upon our battlements"! Incidentally, Banquo's temple-haunting martlet can probably be traced to a misreading of Dunbar's description of the ancient Ball-shrines of Southern Scotland (Bell's Hill, Bellsdyke, etc.), as "paynim templis hantit by mertyns": as these were groves, not buildings, the creatures were presumably not martins but martens—*i.e.*, tree-weasels.

I am, etc.,
J. P. STEVENSON

SIR,—I am not alone, perhaps, in detecting Gibbon's error when he says that the idea of writing his masterpiece first came to him in Rome, in 1764, "as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter." At this time, that temple itself was in ruins. The temple perambulated by the friars can only have been that dedicated to the goddess Juno.

It would be unwise, however, to ascribe the error, in a writer of Gibbon's care, merely to inaccuracy. The historian's relations with women—with Suzanne Churchod, with Lady Elizabeth Foster—were unfortunate to a degree. That the name of Juno, deity of women, became repugnant to him may well be imagined. Is it not possible, then, that he wilfully dissociated the birth of his great work from this unpropitious name?

E. BEDWELL

SIR,—I note with pleasure that this year, after a mild winter, the "loveliest of trees" is "wearing white for Eastertide." However, this otherwise satisfactory observation gives rise to disquieting doubts.

The ANNUAL REGISTER for 1879, the year in which Housman was 20, records that the winter of 1878/9 was particularly severe, that "the Easter Bank Holiday [Easter fell on April 13th] was . . . marred by . . . cold, wet weather" and that in November the trees had not yet begun to change colour.

The unavoidable conclusion is that in 1879 spring was abnormally late and the poet's recollection, recorded, I gather, some 15 years later, that the cherries were flowering by April 13th, was therefore inaccurate.

It is surprising that Housman, with his well-known classical precision, did not choose a year in which Easter either fell late or followed a particularly warm winter, and modify his verse accordingly.

Yours faithfully,
MARGARET USBORNE

SIR,—Regarding Lord Banquo's letter condemning this Board for vandalism, it was realised in the early stages of the Birnam Hill atomic power scheme that the felling of Birnam Wood was bound to arouse criticism. It was not until the sittings committee had provided evidence of a somewhat unexpected nature that the decision on Birnam was confirmed. The committee had called expert witnesses to examine the age of Birnam Wood; these experts felled some of the oldest trees, to find from the growth rings that the Wood, though probably a thicket in Shakespeare's day, cannot have been there at all in Macbeth's time. It was established that no stumps of older trees existed in the Wood.

It was decided (rightly, in my view) that Shakespeare's sources were at fault and that therefore there was no literary case against the scheme.

Yours, etc.,
A. MCDUFF,
Public Relations,
Atomic Power Board.

FRANK PAVEY

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the north west died away,
Sunset ran one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz bay,
Bluish mid the burning waters, full in face Trafalgar lay,
In the dimmest north east distance dawns Gibraltar, grand and grey."

The sketch map shows the well-known geographical absurdity of this statement, but my researches show that the second line too is false.

The appendix on Browning's sea travels shows that he can have been in this approximate position only at dusk on May 18th, 1855. We know that a warm front reached Cadiz at 0200Z on May 19th with low cloud and drizzle. Similar conditions with 10/10ths cloud must have obtained in the bay the evening before. Further, the next day was wet—on the evidence of Fray Berots, now aged 98, who was fishing with his father and recalled the day clearly after five brandies—which is not consistent with a red sky at night. This proves my contention that Browning was a dishonest rhymester who could not face the true line: "In the west the sun was setting hidden by the overcast."

J. F. P.

CHESS: Exception Proves the Rule

No. 32

Within less than a century of modern chess there have been so many changes in more or less fundamental concepts of theory that it would be difficult, in every case, to draw a precise line between rule and exception.

Even so there are some rules—rulings rather, which are taken for granted by almost every chess player. For the opening, one such ruling is that one should be wary in pushing one's pawns, particularly so long as one hasn't fully developed one's pieces. For the end-game, we have that other famous ruling that a R meant to restrain an enemy passed P had better get behind it.

But there are exceptions to prove even these simple rules. In a game against Ragosin (at New York, 1940) Marshall was so recklessly busy pushing his pawns that, up to his fifteenth move, he did not develop a single piece. Once he did start to move them he soon won the game. Here it is.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(14) P-R5	B-Kt5ch
(2)	P-QKt4	P x P	(15) B-Q2	B x Bch
(3)	P-QR3	Kt-QB3	(16) Kt x B	Kt-K2
(4)	P x P	Kt-KB3	(17) Kt-K4	Kt-B4
(5)	P-Kt5	Kt-Q5	(18) P-R6	P-Kt3
(6)	P-QB3	Kt-K3	(19) Kt-B6ch	K-B1
(7)	P-K5	Kt-Q4	(20) Kt-KB3	P-Q3
(8)	P-QB4	Kt(4)-B5	(21) Kt-Kt5	P x P
(9)	P-Kt3	Kt-Kt3	(22) P x P	Q x Qch
(10)	P-KB4	Kt x BP	(23) R x Q	K-K2
(11)	P x Kt	Kt x P	(24) R-R3	P-Kt3
(12)	P-Q4	Kt-Kt3	(25) B-Kt2	R-QKt1
(13)	P-KR4	P-K3	(26) Kt(5)xRP	resigns

Considering that 10 of Black's first 12 moves were devoted to shifting one or the other of his Knights, he too broke a golden rule, though less successfully than his opponent—the rule: avoid moving a piece twice before having developed the others.

At Southsea, 1949, Tartakover might have escaped with a draw by playing the "exceptional" move R-B1. But he obeyed the golden rule to get behind the enemy P and lost to Aitken like this.

(1)	R-KR8?	R-QR5!	(6) K-R3	P-Kt4
(2)	K-Kt2	R-KR5	(7) K-R2	P-Kt5
(3)	R x R	K x R	(8) K-Kt1	K-Kt6!
(4)	K-R1	K-Kt5!	(9) K-R1	K-B7
(5)	K x P	K-B6	(10) resigns	

A: Emanuel Lasker 1890

Aitken's R-QR5 was certainly a fine stroke. For had Tartakover captured the P with his R, Aitken would have forced exchange of R.s and, at once, achieved the winning "opposition." Obviously, he would have achieved the same result at once had the P been taken by the K.

B: V. Karhia 1943

For this week's competition—usual prizes, entries by April 24—we have two famous studies. White to win in either. A is not quite as easy, B not quite as difficult as it looks. It is, in fact, fairly simple, though it takes all of 16 moves to force Black's resignation.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 27

(Set March 25)

A: (1) P-B5ch, PxP. (2) PxPch, K-Q3. (3) RxB, RxR. (4) B-B5ch, etc.

B: (1) Q-Kt4, Q-R8. (2) Q-R5ch, K-Kt3. (3) Q-Kt4ch, K-R3. (4) Q-R4ch, K-Kt3. (5) Q-Kt1ch, Q x Q. (6) P Queens ch etc. (The Black Q must stay on the diagonal; other moves dealt with analogously).

C: (1) R-K2, Q-Kt1. (2) Kt-Kt7, etc. (Kt-B6 is countered by Q-Kt8, leading to a draw).

A good many competitors, including some of our crack solvers, were stumped by the Przepiorka study (most of them lured by the all too obvious Kt-B6); many others failed to see the point of the v. Vliet study. Prizes shared by H. Ainsworth, Eric Allan, C. Allen, The Rev. E. C. Mortimer, J. M. Reid. Little to choose between the prize-winners and D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, F. A. Rhodes, R. A. Slade, J. Anderson Stewart. Some of these, in fact, weighted their perfectly correct solutions with interesting additional material. Whenever this is used they shall, of course, be duly rewarded.

By the end of this month (29th) I will come to a decision about some point system or other for our regular competitors. In the meantime, I would welcome further suggestions as to how most fairly to reward those who are regularly assiduous without discouraging those who are casually brilliant (to say nothing of those who are regularly brilliant).

ASSIAC.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

WELSH Board of Health, Cardiff. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from registered architects for one permanent appointment as Senior Architect in the Welsh Board of Health. Salary scale £1,280-£1,478 (man). The scale for a woman is somewhat lower. Applicants must be at least 35 years of age on January 1, 1950. Candidates must be registered architects by examination or registered architects who since registration have passed any professional examination in architecture recognised by the Architects Registration Council of the United Kingdom as qualifying for registration under the Architects (Registration) Acts. They should have Associateship of the Royal Institute of British Architects or other recognised qualifications and must have a wide experience in housing and estate development, hospital planning, and with new forms of construction. A knowledge of Welsh is also desirable. Particulars and application forms from Establishment Officer, Welsh Board of Health, Cathays Park, Cardiff, completed forms must be received by April 30.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite application for a post of Radiochemical Inspector on the staff of the Ministry of Health. Candidates must be at least 30 on January 1, 1950, and must have a good Honours degree in chemistry and substantial research experience. A good knowledge of the properties and chemistry of radio-active substances is essential and familiarity with techniques of estimating traces of radio-active elements desirable. The successful candidate will be required to carry out such estimations and to give advice on matters relating to the control and disposal of radio-active waste products. Inclusive London salary £1,050-£1,270 (men), £900-£1,100 (women). The successful candidate will be stationed in London but will be required to visit other parts of the country. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3018. Completed application forms must be returned by April 27, 1950.

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Brooksby Hall Farm Institute. Appointment of Principal. Applications are invited for the post of Principal of the Brooksby Hall Farm Institute which will be administered by the Leicestershire Education Committee in conjunction with the Rutland Education Committee. The Farm Institute will be opened towards the end of September or early October, 1950, for initially 40 to 45 students. Brooksby Hall is 9 miles from Leicester and 6 miles from Melton Mowbray. The Officer appointed will be required to undertake some preliminary work of organisation before the Institute opens. He will be the Chief Advisor in Agricultural Education and will have general responsibility for development and advice in the whole field of Agricultural Education in the counties of Leicester and Rutland, inside and outside the Farm Institute. The authorities will look for a capable and experienced officer with a degree or diploma in agriculture, a sound practical knowledge and with good educational experience. The salary will be at the rate of £950 per annum, rising by annual increments of £30 to £1,100 per annum, plus additions for training and degree in accordance with the scale of salaries for teaching staffs of Farm Institutes, etc., 1948. In addition, emoluments including a house will be attached to the post which is superannuable and terminable by three calendar months' notice on either side. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination but consideration will be given to Registered Disabled Persons. Travelling and subsistence allowances will be paid in accordance with Leicestershire County Scale. Applications, with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials, should be forwarded to the undersigned within fourteen days of the publication of this advertisement. Stewart C. Mason, Director of Education, County Offices, Grey Friars, Leicester.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for appointments as Staff Tutors or Probationary Staff Tutors in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies for tutorial class work. Candidates should possess good academic qualifications in Economics or Political Philosophy and an interest in Trade Union questions. Salary scales: Probationary Staff Tutors £450 by £25 to £500; Staff Tutors, £550 by £30 to £1,100. Appointments will date from August 1, 1950, or as soon as possible after that date. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar. The University, Leeds, 2, to whom applications should be sent by April 24, 1950.

B.B.C. invites applications for post as general Editorial Assistant in Radio Times Editorial Department. Duties will be to assist generally in all departments of the paper, particularly in the Art Department. Qualifications required are good general education and extensive all-round experience in magazine journalism, especially of making up pages and caption writing. Experience of entertainment journalism would be an advantage. Salary is in a scale rising by annual increments of £30 to £680 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Editorial Asst., R.T. N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped add. env.

BEDFORD Educational Association. Three or four Froebel trained teachers required in September for a reorganised private school for children from 4 to 8 years of age. Burnham Scale. Applications should be made to the Chairman, J. Arnold Whitchurch, Esq., Great Barford House, Bedford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESEARCH Dept. of Labour Party. Research Assistant. Temporary job, possibility permanent. Knowledge economics, Labour Movement and drafting ability essential. Advantage enclose specimen essays or articles, etc. Salary £475-£550. Applic. forms, to be returned by April 29, from Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Philosophy (initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 after one year). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received on or before Monday, May 22, 1950.

LONDON County Council. Major Establishment. An open competitive examination for appointments to first class (b) of the major establishment will commence June 5, 1950. Standard slightly higher than Intermediate Examination of London University. Candidates must be 17½ and under 18½ on August 1, 1950. Appointments reserved for those called for national service before taking up duties. Salary £240 × £20-£300 × £25-£550. Promotion to higher administrative positions with salaries up to £1,100 a year is by merit. Application forms (O.C.1) obtainable from Clerk of the Council (A.1), The County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed env. reqd.). Forms to be returned with entrance fee of £1 by May 1, 1950. (269)

DEVON County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited from women holding a Social Science Certificate. Certificates in Child Care or other similar qualification, for the post of Children's Visitor, at a salary of £390, rising by annual increments of £15 to £435 per annum in accordance with Grade 1 of the A.P.T. scale of salaries, to undertake work in connection with the Children Act, 1948. The successful candidate will be expected to drive and own a car. Further particulars can be obtained from the Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle St., Exeter. Applications should be received within 14 days of this advertisement. H. A. Davis, Clerk of the County Council, The Castle, Exeter.

WILTSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Boys' Home, "Stanbridge House," Holt, Nr. Trowbridge, Wilts. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Resident Superintendent and Matron (House Father and Mother) at this Home for approximately 20 boys. The house is attractive and pleasantly situated with good 'bus and train services. The salaries attached to the appointment are as follows: Superintendent, £250 × £15 to £295 per annum; Matron, £220 × £15 to £250 per annum. Full residential emoluments are provided and value at £155 per annum for each officer. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Trowbridge, Wilts. P. A. Scilborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council.

ESSEX. Friends' School, Saffron Walden. (Co-educational boarding school, 230 residents.) Required, end of August, 1950: (1) Housekeeper with good experience in Institutional Management to be in charge of the catering and domestic services. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Furnished or unfurnished accommodation available. (2) Assistant to the Housekeeper to act as Dining Room Supervisor and Storekeeper. Experience and/or training desirable. Further particulars may be obtained from the Headmistress.

THE Y.W.C.A. requires Club Leaders and Assistants (young women) for leisure-time youth clubs in all parts of the country. Some training or relevant experience necessary. Salaries from £270 non-resident for young assistants up to £420 non-resident for more senior posts. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment as Fieldworkers (male or female) to the York Family Service Unit. Social Science Diploma desirable but not essential. For further details apply in writing to the Secretary, York Community Council, 64 Walmgate, York.

CLUB Leader (woman) required May for mixed Youth Club and Junior Clubs. Camping experience desirable. Sal. £180 to £220 p.a. according to qualifications and experience, with full board and residence. Applications not later than April 22, to Warden, Women's University Settlement, 44 Nelson Sq., S.E.1.

WOMAN Club Leader reqd. for small Settlement. Salary £150, resident. Applics., to include names of referees, to the Warden, Dame Colet Hse., 29 Duckett St., Stepney, E.1.

LONDON, N.W.11. Wanted, Sept., 1950, woman or man for 9-yr.-old group, recog. prog. co-ed. day school. Froebel training pref. King Alfred School, North End Rd.

INDEPENDENT day-school in Scots town requires teacher (man or woman) for 6-8 group of 20 children in September, 1950. Froebel training or experience of modern approach to teaching. Interest in music and movement desirable. Scale salary. Box 5941.

FIRST-CLASS Secretary wanted in office of a London College. Gd. speeds in shorthand and typewriting. Degree an advantage, but not essential. Residence if reqd. Box 6052.

EXPERIENCED bookkeeper required. Man/woman. London College. Box 6053.

WANTED at end of May by doctors' household a responsible woman (widow with own child of school age welc.). Expected to help with housework & look after boy aged 10 mths. Another infant due in July. Box 5841.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MAN with National Certificate in Chemistry, or equivalent, required to run small production department in London (East) factory. Details of qualifications, age and experience, to Box 6110.

TWO Theatre Artists require expd. housekeeper for London maisonette. Must be willing to prepare after-theatre suppers. Please 'phone Park 8141, mornings, for details.

MOTHER'S Help (not over 50) reqd. by professional couple, one boy 3½; excellent daily help kept, big London flat facing river gardens; permanent offers only. Box 5932.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man, 32, married, seeks change and scope; pref. small town/country. Wow Company Secretary small retail business—accounts, costing, correspondence, P.A.Y.E., etc. Knowledge French, Maths., surveying. Interested social work, literature, music, book production and binding, autos. Own car, typewriter. Wide education, travelled. Independent and responsible. Minimum £400. Now in W. Riding. Box 5587.

ECONOMICS graduate (21) now Education R.A.F., released April, 1951, post, semi-political, sociological pref. Box 5597.

AMERICAN University trained social worker. Experienced. Female, 36, West Indian descent. Desires position as case worker or child welfare worker. London area. Box 5517.

MARRIED woman graduate, 30, will accept mod. salary for experience of social work. N.W. London, S. Bucks. Box 5599.

WELL-educated German girl (20), trained as interpreter, seeks post with an English family, for period of six months or longer. Prepared to act as nurse or governess, and to assist in domestic duties. Box 5345.

GERMAN Economist (man, 27, graduate of Bonn University), with business experience, desires suitable employment (commerce, accountancy, banking, social research or welfare work). Box 5795.

ABLE young man, in well-paid job, seeks other employment which would afford greater scope for his liking for interesting and hard work. Anything useful & constructive considered. Box 5560.

MALE teacher, 28, business and Services experience, seeks change. Likes travel. Anywhere. Box 5521.

TEACHING couple, man Social Studies, French, German, Italian; woman Art, Crafts, experienced, seek progressive school anywhere. U.S. citizens. Marquis, Via delle Campora 58, Florence, Italy.

EDUCATED girl, 17, good personality and appearance, 5 years' ballet training, 6 months' showroom experience, seeks interesting post London, 11 a.m. onwards, Mon.-Fri. Fashion, films, theatre, reception work, any capacity not purely clerical. Keen learner, hard worker. Box 5575.

WOMAN graduate sks. part-time secretarial job. Own machine. PRI. 5934.

SWISS girl, 23 years, requires secretarial post in Great Britain for at least one year, from June. Translator diploma (Interpreters School of Geneva University), German, English, French; Cambridge Certificate of Proficiency in English, complete commercial training, three languages, shorthand and typing. Please do not hesitate because of the necessary work permit but make your offer. Elisabeth Schneider, 5, Av. Marc Monnier, Geneva.

LADY requires interesting part-time secretarial work. Good speeds, references and experience. Box 5532.

EDUCATED woman, 40, domestic, organising, secretarial experience, seeks temporary employment, summer school, hotel or similar post. Box 5518.

MISCELLANEOUS

PHOTOGRAPHY, Drawing Office, Radio, Electrical. Everyone whose work or hobby comes under these headings should send 2½d. stamp for Silverstone's catalogue of Government Surplus Bargains. Illustrated and beautifully produced in pocket size booklet form, it is full of items of equipment at a fraction of their original cost. The Silverstone Guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Unconditionally Refunded is known and appreciated all over the world. H. Silverstone, 20 Oxford Rd. Manchester, 1.

IN the Twenty-six Pages of "Fine Drinking" we have endeavoured to give a few hints on how to get the best out of wine, a number of principles to be followed, and pitfalls to be avoided. We shall be pleased to send to you, free of charge, upon request, a copy of "Fine Drinking," A pocket Vintage Chart. Blumenthals Ltd., 125 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

INVISIBLE mending. Moth holes, tears, cigarette burns and all other damages in garments rewoven by specialists. Seven-day service. Nylon, silk and rayon stockings invisibly mended in three days from 6d. per ladder. Call or send. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 123 Queensway, W.2 (BAY 2208) and branches.

THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash, exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photographic and Optical Apparatus and Accessories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or 'phone (City 4581), 35 Bucklersbury, Queen Victoria St. E.C.4. (Minute from Bank and Mansion House.)

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

CALLING All Animal Lovers. Subscribe 1s-to-day to the Million Shillings Fund to save our wild animals from cruel treatment. Sec. (N) League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

GRAMOPHONE records wanted. Best prices paid for second-hand records. Orchestral or vocal; classical or dance music. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2.

ALL Nations Social Club (for all nationalities). Lectures, Debates, Brains Trusts, Language Groups, Art Circle, Music Circle, Dramatic Group, Dances, Table Tennis, Foreign Tours, Sport, Rambles, etc. Sub. 2½gns. p.a. Club Centre Marble Arch. Details from: 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL 5088.)

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns. Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd. London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

LARGE furnished studio to let for April, May, June. Bedroom, bathroom, kitchen. Near S. Kensington. Tel. Flaxman 8728.

NEAR Baker St. Large double-divan bed-sitting room. 3gns. each incl. board. Box 5516 or Tel. Nicholson, AMB. 3320.

TO let. Furnished house Putney, S.W.15, August 1 to 31. Every convenience. Box 5534.

HOMELY comfortable board-residence in private house. Large bed-sit. room suitable 1 or 2 gentlemen. Muswell Hill district. 183 Alexandra Park Rd. N.22.

AN inexpensive pied-à-terre in well-kept house near Harrods for single gentleman. McFie, 1 Beaufort Gdns., Knightsbridge, S.W.3 Ken. 4367.

FURN. flat to let, 7 months, 2 rooms, bath, kit., nr. Finchley Rd. Box 6066.

RIVERSIDE house, W.6; bed-sitting-room to let; ideal pied-à-terre. Box 5821.

FURN. single bed-sit. to let. Quiet hse. Stag Lane district of Edgware. Quiet business/prof. lady. Not under 30 please. 30s. p.w. incl. light, baths, use kit. for occasional ckg., etc. Gdn. Tel. Gas fire & ring. Own meter. No linen. No objection to dogs. Box 5619.

REAL Gipsy caravan to let, fully equipped, on dairy farm in heart Brendon Hills, Somers. Bunks for 2. 3gns. p.w. Box 5561.

TO let by professional woman, bed-sitting room with cooking conveniences, for summer months or week-ends, to business woman working in London. Hove. Box 5600.

EASTBOURNE. Delightful flat; 3 rms.; kit., bath., unfurn. or part furn.; very best district; 3½gns.; purchase some fittings, etc., at cost. Box 5602.

TO let, furnished, April-July, delightful four-roomed bungalow, on hillside, facing English Channel, near Folkestone. 3 guineas weekly. Box 5623.

EXCHANGE large Bloomsbury flat £250 p.a. for smaller one, self-contained, not exceeding £150, with 2 bedrooms in S.W. or W. London. Box 5800.

PROGRESSIVE author seeks accom. with progressive people. Quiet (house & surroundings) essenl. London or country. Box 6096.

BUSINESS woman reqs. unfurn. flat. 2-3 rms. London. Careful tenant. Box 5630.

S.C. Flat for 2 Indian Law Students. Belsize Pk./Bayswater/Kensington. Box 5790.

HARVARD teacher with family of 4 seeks furnished flat/small house in London July-Sept.; not less than 2 bed., 1 sit.-room, plus kit., bath. Reply S. H. Beer, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

ROOM wanted, furn./unfurn., Cent. or W. London. Cash. 40 Talgarth Rd. W.14.

UNIVERSITY teacher, single, quiet tastes, doing research London libraries, wishes to rent small furnished flat Hampstead area first fortnight July, or approx. Box 5580.

WRITER searching for unfurnished flat, London, four or five rooms, long lease, good rent offered. Box 5976.

LADY seeks comfortable bed-sitting room, share kitchen, in cultured house, N.W. London. Box 5342.

COTTAGE, min. three bedrooms acc. six wanted near good sea bathing, two-four weeks August/September. Box 5438.

GLASGOW: Civil Servant (25), marrying July, wishes to bring English bride to something other than Glasgow tenement. Can anyone help? Box 5607.

PERSONAL

JEWISH lady reqd. as companion to widow with good home in N. London residential district. Some light household duties. Write, stating age & salary reqd., Box 5546.

WANTED, man, woman or couple with interest in and capital for developing farm side of small well-established boarding school in Scotland. Box 5939.

COMMERCIAL artist required, able to do occasional sketches for line blocks at reasonable rates. Suit spare time work. Replies treated in confidence. Box 5948.

WANTED, Aug. 19-Sept. 19, by couple & child, cottage/rooms near sea. Or exchange London flat. Box 5586.

WOULD intelligent girl like home with professional family and help with general management? 2 bright girls at school and baby. Happy & cultural atmosphere. Box 5582.

LUXURY Hut sectional fitted as cabin, H. & C., heat, light, carpet, etc. All details, £140 nearest, 2 Museum Rd. Oxford.

WILL some kind person give woman painter v. cheap billet—convrs. & comfort not necess. (? attic, shed). Wd. do chores (? garden). Aloof/sociable as reqd. Box 5558.

CANADIAN university graduate, male, 23, desires to work passage to North America as companion to children, cabin boy, or anything whatsoever. Box 5545.

LADY (50), well educated, would like join another for cruise or holiday abroad. Good driver. Suggestions? Box 5528.

PARIS Fair! Lady, fluent French, going to Paris would undertake commission against part expenses. Box 5701.

JOURNALIST, 26, male, seeks companion (m.) or ideas for June holiday, home or abroad. Box 5614.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

BOYS and girls 5-16 welcomed for summer holidays. Full programme of country pursuits. Riding. Excel. food. S.R.N. matron. Also Easter holidays. Prospectus: Odam Hill Children's Farm, South Molton, Devon.

VERSES to order (for almost) any occasion. Moderate charges: Allan M. Laing, 19 Waverhouse Nook Rd. Liverpool, 15.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian lady. Telephone PAD. 9610.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PIANO lessons; advanced pupils, teacher with continental qualifications, resident Victoria. Box 5411.

SEND now for Free copy Secrets of Successful Writing. Learn how to make money by writing stories or articles for the Press. Write Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

ABSENT from these pages for too long. Anthony Panting is still taking photographs at 5 Paddington St., W.1 (or your home for 15s. extra), though my marriage service has moved to Welbeck 6655.

INCOME Tax/Accountancy problems? Refer them to L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with improved Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. a set from Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances.

ITALIAN lessons, conversation given by grad. Italian lady teacher. FRE. 7010.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 6222.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kellerström, 19 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

CRUISING on Canals. An Adventure. Fine cruisers for 2-6 people. Choice of lovely routes. Houseboat and motorboat. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Facilities for Pottery and various other crafts available at all times. Bureau of Current Affairs' Discussion Course, June 19-23. Early booking advised.

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's great Festival centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau) riding, sailing, walking, climbing and fishing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fees from £13 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

STUDENTS contemplating proceeding to the United States for educational purposes during summer 1950 should consult immediately the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, for details concerning the exceptionally advantageous facilities for movement to the U.S.A., which it disposes.

PERSONAL—*continued*

SUMMER holidays. If you want new ideas for a good holiday, either with a small group of professional people visiting Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France or Scandinavia, or with a house-party in Britain or Eire, or an individually planned holiday, ask for details of my 1950 Holiday and Week-end Arrangements. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

MAY Day in Paris. Seven-day visit, air travel, bed & breakfast at a central hotel, lectures, meetings with French Socialists and Trade Unionists. Attend the great popular demonstrations. £14 14s. Apply Campbell, T.H.P., 77 Dean St., W.1.

WALKING Tours in every Western European Country. If you want an energetic holiday off the beaten track, write for a copy of our programme. Ramblers' Association Services, 188 (v) West End Lane, N.W.6.

KEEN on theatre & music? Then a holiday in Salzburg & Oberammergau is indicated. Party & individual plans from £37—15 days. Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

A DISCOVERY for a Wonderful Holiday! On Lake Constance—Bregenz, in Austria: beautiful resort, excursions to Switzerland, Germany & Austrian Alps. 14-day inclusive holiday—"free-lance" or party, £26 7s. 6d. only. Incl. fares, reserved seats, hotel/full board. Book very early to secure accommodation. Also: Tyrol and other mountain resorts, 14 days from £24/10s. A week in Paris £18 7s. 6d. Riviera 10 days £29 10s. Rome 8 days £25. Week in Ostend £15 2s. 6d. Coach tours, etc. Free brochures from Bridge Tours (N.S.C.), 33 Haymarket, London, S.W.1 (WHI. 5527).

AUSTRIA. You can now fly from London to Innsbruck and Salzburg by scheduled Air Lines. Yugoslavia—the enchanting Dalmation coast is now a holiday centre again. Inquire from the experts Fairways & Swinford (Travel) Ltd., (F. & S. Austrian Tourist Bureau), Dept. P., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1. ABBey 2214/5.

FORREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18, Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Sirmione, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix. S.C. Tours, Martigny, Switzerland.

MAJORCA. Vacancies May/June, villa nr. sea; £4 wkly. 9 Paultons St., S.W.1.

FLY to Corsica, Isle of Beauty, and spend two wonderful weeks at the Camp de l'Horizon. Excellent food, perfect freedom, swimming, boating, congenial companions. Very moderate all-in price. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Tel: City 7163/4.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Club Olympic of Paris will re-open their well-known Holiday Camp in Calvi on June 10. Book now! Pountney & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SPRINGTIME in Paris. Make the most of your visit and feel "at home." "Chez Vous" offers you a friendly welcome and a delightful stay. Small informal parties at incl. charges. From London. Pountney & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Pl. London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, from 33gns. Apply Bannisters, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 0405.)

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

WHERE TO STAY

SUSSEX. Winchelsea, Yew Tree House. Briefly, hospitality mellow & unobtrusive, 20th Century comfort, history (and bores!) on the door step, the beauty of the Sussex countryside—all this and more awaits you. Brochure & terms on request. Tel. 223.

VEGETARIANS & diet reformers are invited to our small but very comf. guest house. Morris, "Sans Dudley," Teignbervey, Nr. Shaldon, Teignmouth. Tel. Shaldon 179.

YOUR family and tiny babies made particularly welcome at Brewery Parm House, Gt. Mongeham, Deal, Kent. Cots, high chairs, prams and babies' bath included. Plenty of well-cooked food. On bus route to sea 2½ miles. Mrs. Davies. Deal 1195.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 4½/5gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

EIRE. Book holidays now. Home prod., gd. ckg., bathing, boating, fishing. Aug. fully booked. Holms-O'Malley, Carragh Castle House, Renvyle, County Galway, Eire.

WEST Sussex. Woodfield Private Hotel, Fernhurst, offers increased accommodation to those seeking comfort & good food in beautiful surroundings. Special holiday terms until June. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 276.

YEALAND Manor, nr. Carnforth. Country house in lovely setting. Modern conf. Easy reach Lakes and sea. Illustrated brochure.

N. CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins., h. & c. No extras. Mod. charges unchanged. Clifton Cottage, Trebarwith, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

DEVON & Cornwall. May terms from £4·5 week, incl. Free illustrated brochure 18: Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish (Tel. 2152).

COTSWOLD Country Club, Brockhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon or rest cure. Magnificent mansion with modern luxuries. Excellent cuisine in oak panelled dining hall. Cocktail bar, dancing, tennis, riding, billiards. H. & C. in all rooms, sprung mattresses. Write for brochure F.

OLD Plow Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, gives you good food, comfort, warmth, individuality, and a friendly club. If there's anything more you want, ask Kathleen Batten. Sharpthorne 17.

PYRENEES. Few guests received from Easter in beautifully situated country house near Pau. Write Maelle, Dunnett, Château de Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

MUDDIFORD, Nr. Barnstaple, N. Devon. Broomhill. A peaceful and lovely outlook over 150 acres own grounds. The home-like atmosphere of a comfortable country house, with amenities of a well-managed hotel. Good country fare. Tel.: Shirwell 62.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torreevan Private Hotel, Perchleven. Good food. Lt. Cmndr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (rtrd.).

APPLEBY, Westmorland, Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing. Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn. prod. Bgsp. Cromwell Rd., Hove 31061.

CONWAY, Mountain and sea. Holiday tariff on application. Bryn Dinas, Woodlands, Conway.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Ride-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

STUDLAND, Dorset. Old-World Guest House in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. 3 miles sandy beach. Golf, riding. Excellent cuisine. Booking April, May, Whitsun & summer. Illustrated brochure & tariff from: BCM/Studland, London, W.C.1.

SNOWDONIA: Enjoy good food, hot baths and the friendly atmosphere of a private hostel. Walk, climb, fish amid mountains, lakes and rivers in the heart of the North Wales National Park. Terms: £3 10s. winter, £4 summer, p.w. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work, Syssup Fawr, Beddgelert.

AVONWEIR Cottage, 1 Hanham Mills, Nr. Bristol. A few vegetarian guests; cottage/caravan accomm.; delightful wooded riverside pleasure boats; easy access Bristol/Bath.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Kendale Hotel, 78 Marina. On sea front; completely modernised; H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms: 3½-7 gns.; vacancies for Whitsun. 'Phone Hastings 5110.

RYE, Sussex. The Old Flushing Inn Coffee house—formerly historic 15th Century inn with smuggling traditions. Comfortable rooms with running hot water, excellent food. Weekends or occasional meals. Rye 3207.

MRS. Rouse, Franchise, Burwash, Sussex, offers accom. paying guests. Delightful Georgian house, large grounds, incl. tennis, squash, lake, billiards, ping-pong. Country produce. Terms 5gns.

SWANAGE. Chatsworth Private Hotel, Ulwell Rd. 300yds. from sea. All modern conveniences; children welcomed. No vacancies between June 17 & Sept. 9. 'Phone 2123.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

PIER View Hotel, Steyne, Bognor Regis. Good liberal table. Hot & cold water. Every comfort & convenience. Children welcomed, half price. Terms moderate. Central.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 6104.

DARTMOUTH. Charming old-world country house overlooking Start Bay would welcome guests for restful holiday. Beautiful surroundings, good food, every comfort. White Ladies, Stoke Fleming. 'Phone 246.

STRANBRIDGE; beautifully situated guest house in quiet Cotswold valley. Restful holidays for people of all nationalities. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlaystan, Stranbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

CORNWALL (South) Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Kennack Sands. Near to Coverack, Mullion. The Lizard, Cadgwith and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach approx. 5 mins. Vacancies except Aug. Write Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor.

IRELAND. Strand Hotel, Inch, Kerry. (A.A.) Spend restful holiday in Dingle Peninsula. Overlooking Dingle Bay. Magnificent sandy beach, safe bathing, excellent catering, personal supervision. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND. Comfortable Guest House, 3,370ft., magnificent scenery, overlooking lake, many easy walks and excursions. Excellent cuisine, personal attention, 14 francs daily, incl. Brochure: "La Cerisaie," Caux-sur-Montreux.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

"ASHLEY Courtenay Recommended." A hallmark of reliability. The 1950 edition of "Let's Halt Awhile in Britain" describes some 200 of his recommended hotels in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and Channel Isles. Now available 7s. 6d. from your bookseller or 8s. with postage from Ashley Courtenay, 3rd Floor, 68 St. James's St., S.W.1.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, superior guest House, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children supervised. Enjoyable stays; 4/5gns p.w. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

KING'S Arms Hotel, Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Charming unspoiled 200 years' old fully lic. coaching inn. Every mod. amenity and comfort. Plenty good food. Exc. centre yachting, fishing; grand coast and lovely country. 6/9 gns. Stables opposite. Tel. 202411.

RIDE-A-WHILE Hotel, Port Gaverne, North Cornwall. For your Spring vacation. One visit and you return. Port Isaac 218.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Mods. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

CORNWALL. "Sennen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Sennen 275.)

CORNWALL. "Just as nice as Paradise & only half as far." Especially May to July. Lovely beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath, golf St. Enodoc. Fishing. 15 acres grounds. Farm produce. Interior-sprung mattresses. Treharrock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

CORNWALL — carefree happy holiday offered by French lady in her Cornish cottage to 2 or 3 persons only. ½ mile beautiful sandy beach; well-cooked food, real personal attention. £4 10s. weekly all incl. Mrs. Luxembourg, 4 Vicarage Rd. St. Agnes.

SCHOOLS

ELMTREES School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed., 4-13 yrs. Happy home life. Lovely surroundings. Modern education, progressive outl. ch. individual care.

THE Froebel School, Datchet, Bucks. School of 40 children run on Activity Methods with support of Parents' Group. Small group of weekly Boarders 5-6 years. Week-end escort to and from Waterloo. Miss Underwood, N.F.U.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmasters: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

PINEWOOD, Aberwilly, Harris (Wave 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlkg. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

SHERWOOD School, Epsom. A Co-ed. Community (Boarding and Day). Aims: Cooperation, initiative, friendliness. Well-balanced education to General Certificate. Edge of Downs, excellent train, bus service S.W. London. Harold A. Pratt, B.A.(Oxon).

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 2 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally spd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Stonewell Hall, Suffolk.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BERNARD Shaw—Biography in 238 pictures. Beautifully produced and bound 15s. White Publications, 23, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

BE Happy with "Book Handbook," 20 Illustrated Quarterly for all who delight in Old Books. 11s. yearly through your newsagents, or post free from The Book Centre, Ltd., London, N.W.10.

"THE Linguist," the modern paper for modern languages. Features and articles in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Esperanto. 1s. monthly from news agents. Annual subscription 12s. 6d., from 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

A UNIQUE Anglo-Israel Journal containing news, pictures and stories. "The Zionist Review" from Newsagents, 6d. each Friday.

GERMAN books: Libris, 30 Harben Rd. London, N.W.6. Fri. 6900. Books bought.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 6s. 6d. Secy., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

GREEK Booksellers, "Zeno," 6 Denmark St., W.C.2. Tel. TEM. 2322. Large collection of Classical, Byzantine & Modern Greek books. Also we are buyers of books on Greece, Crete and Cyprus, in any language.

GERMAN Books at bargain prices! Continental Book Supply, 32A Chomeley Park, Highgate, N.6. German literature bought. Postal business only. Tel: MOUntview 1482.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. Not pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats., Sat. 2.30 until May 3, thereafter Weds. Sats. 2.30. Seats bookable through principal agents.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8 "The Proyded Wife." Th. next & Evgs. 7.0 "Ivanov." Members.

UNITY. "How I Wonder," Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. BUS. 3391.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., Apr. 16, 7.30: "Au Grand Balcon" (A).

300 Film Club shows French classic, "La Fin du Jour," April 20, 7.15, Imperial Institute. Treasurer, 68 Woodfield Rd., W.5. Per. 7940.

HALLE Orchestra. Sir John Barbirolli. Royal Albert Hall, next Friday eve., April 21, at 7.30. Egmont (Beethoven); Nuages et Fêtes (Debussy); Symphony No. 6 in E minor (Vaughan Williams); Symphony No. 4 in F minor (Tchaikovsky). Tickets from 2s. 6d. R.A.H. (KEN. 8212), all agents and Lyniord-Joel Promotions, Ltd. (LAN. 3591).

BBC. Symphony Orchestra, Royal Albert Hall, Wed. next, at 8. Variations on a Theme of Haydn (Brahms); Symphonic Study, Falstaff (Elgar); Symphony No. 9 (Schubert). Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Gallery (standing) 2s., from Hall (Ken. 8212), and usual Agents.

CONCERT of Rumanian Music. Wigmore Hall, Sat., April 15, 7 p.m. Esther Salaman, Mezzo Soprano; Ivry Gitlis, Violin. Martin Lawrence, Baritone. Leonard Cassini, Piano. Tickets, res. 5s. & 3s., unres. 2s. From Box Office, Wigmore Hall, or British Rumanian Fship Assn., 101 Broadhurst Gdns. N.W.6.

HAMPSTEAD Music Club. Winifred Roberts (Violin); Daphne Ibbott (Piano). Sonatas by Mozart, Tartini, Brahms, etc., on Thurs., April 20, at 8 p.m. Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. Tickets 3s. 6d. at hall on night to non-members. Members free. Bookable in advance at: John Barnes & Co., Ltd., Finchley Rd. N.W.3, or The Good Companion, Flask Walk, N.W.3.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Apr. 16, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Martin String Quartet: Mozart B flat, K.589; Beethoven D, Op. 18; Bartók No. 6. Adm. 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sunday, April 16, at 8 p.m. Pianoforte recital by Robert Collet. (Mendelssohn, Schonberg, Alkan). Non-members 1s.

NICOLAS Alfonso. Guitar. Bach Suite, de Bruselas (1st perf.), Milan, Ranieau, Corelli, Pozzoli, Tortoba, Turina, Albeniz. Wed. next, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, 5s., 3s., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chovesux.

RICHARD Wood, Lieder by Beethoven (Adelaide), Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Cornelius (Weihnachtslieder). Paul Hamburger (piano). Thurs. next, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at door and agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chovesux.

VIOLA & Piano recital by Herman Baron & Margaret Thistlethwaite (Bach, Brahms, Burkhard, Schubert). St. George's Church, Bloomsbury. (Buses 7, 8, 17, 19, 23, 25, 38 stop at Church.) Thur. next, 20th, 8.15.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., April 15, Social and Dance, 7.30. Refreshments. Ted Mac's Band. Adm.: Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Sun., 16th, at 7.30.

DANCING to Alan Kane & his music at Porchester Hall, W.2. Saturday, April 15. Tickets 4s. at door.

DANCE, Sat., April 15, 7.30 p.m., St. Martin's School of Art, 109 Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Org. by Cent. London Fabian Socy. 4s. Mems. of Fabian Socy. & friends only.

EXHIBITIONS

HEAL & SON, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Selection of GANYMED FACSIMILES on show on the 4th Floor.

INDIAN Textiles Exhibition at India House, Aldwych. Mar. 17-Apr. 21. Ancient Textiles, Modern Mill and Cottage Industry Products, Cotton, Silk, Woollens, Furnishing Fabrics, Household Linen, Brocade, Jute, Coir, Carpets. Mon.-Sat. 9.30-6 p.m. Adm. free.

THE Group of 12 exhibition of oil paintings will be opened Monday, April 17, 3 p.m., by R. O. Dunlop, R.A., Cooling Galleries, Apr. 17-29. Daily 10-6. Adm. free.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Contemporary Austrian Painters. First exhibn. in England. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Students' Designs for an Institute of Contemporary Arts Centre. Entrance free. 7 Bedford Square, W.C.1. Week-days 10 a.m.-5 p.m. April 4-19.

CONTEMPORARY Furniture of new and exclusive design, as shown at the Ideal Home Exhibition, now on view at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

"SPONTANEITY In The Art of Young Egyptians"; an Exhibition of Sculpture, Painting and Tapestry at the Islamic Cultural Centre, Regents Lodge, 146 Park Rd., N.W.8. Adm. free. April 5-20. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

TWENTY Brook St.: Paintings by Norland & Marine Subjects by M. Leszczynski.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of A. Mintchine, 1898-1931.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George St., W.1. Recent works by Lucian Freud. Engravings by Robert Weillard. Private view Tuesday, April 18 at 3 p.m.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Lees. Sq. Originals & Reproductions by Asian Artists. Books on Yoga, Music, Art.

MICHAEL O'Connell. The art of resist-painting in dyes. Asian Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. April 19 till May 3.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open Assembly 1950. Daily 10-5 except Sundays. April 12-29. Admission 1s.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Reproduction of the Radclyffe Prints of Eton, Winchester, Rugby & Charterhouse. Also Flower Paintings by Sigismund Freyhan. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.), until April 29. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Watercolours by Matthew Smith. Recent paintings by W. A. Dept. Hours 10-6. Sat., 10-1. Exhibition closes April 22.

THE Contemporary Art Society's Exhibition of British Painting of the last 50 years on view at Tate Gallery until April 23. Week-days 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SATURDAY, April 15, 3.30. Opening by Dilys Powell of Hampstead Artists' Council Spring Exhibition. Wednesday, April 19, 8 p.m., Brains Trust on Art with John Farleigh, Question Master, and Ethelbert White, Vera Cunningham, J. B. Parry, Ph.D., Frank Clark, A.I.L.A. Both at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Everyone welcome.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Has the Labour Government Abandoned Socialism? Debate between Ian Mikardo, M.P., and D. N. Pritt, K.C. Thursday, April 20, at 7.30 p.m., at Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1. Welbeck 0136.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq. S.W.1, Fri., April 21, 1 p.m. Lunch-time Talk by Paul Bareau, Deputy City Editor of the "News Chronicle." Subject: "Monetary relations between Belgium and the U.K." Cold Buffet 12-1 p.m. Admission free.

CONWAY Memorial Lecture. South Place Ethical Society, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. 7 p.m. April 18. Professor B. Farrington, M.A.: "Has History a Meaning?" Chairman: Professor V. G. Childe, D.Litt., D.Sc. Adm. free.

"PEACE or Destruction?" Meeting, Kensington Town Hall, Tu., April 18, 8 p.m. Chair: Rev. Stanley Evans. Spkrs.: D. N. Pritt, K.C., James Aldridge, Mrs. N. Sheedy. 6d. Organised by Chelsea & Kens. B.S.S.

SYMPOSIUM on recent developments in the Soviet controversies (Art, Literature, History). Chair: Andrew Rothstein. Sat., Apr. 15, 2-7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq. W.8.

LIBERAL Judaism. Three Sunday Services at 11 a.m. April 16: The Rev. Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., on "What Liberal Judaism Is." April 23: Annual Confirmation Service. The Rev. Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., on "What Liberal Judaism Expects from Us." April 30: Rabbi Dr. I. I. Mattuck on "What Liberal Judaism Hopes to Achieve." The Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd. N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Minister, Swami Ghanananda, at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., April 20, at 7.30, The Real Nature of Man." Meditation. All welcome.

PRYNS Hopkins: Recent Contacts with Far Eastern Religions. At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, April 16, at 11 a.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday meeting at 11 o'clock, April 16: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "What Use is a Vote?" Adm. free.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc. Sun., Apr. 16, at 7.45, Universal Restnt., 169a Finchley Rd. (Nr. Hamp. Baths). Heinrich Fraenkel: "Report on Germany."

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Tues. Apr. 18, 7.30 p.m. Talk by Aloys Skoumal, Czechoslovak Cultural Attache, on "Modern Czech Literature." Chair: Jack Lindsay. Evening meal from 6.30 p.m. All welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. April 16: What is Mind?

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, April 22, at 6 p.m. Senor J. Ugidos: "Estampas de la Vieja España."

ALAN Bush talks on "Music & Society" at Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlbro' St., W.1, on Sat., April 22, 7 p.m., illustrated. W.M.A. Singers and records. Tickets 2s. W.M.A.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., Public Lecture, Wed., April 19, 6.30. The Abhidhamma Philosophy (3). The Ven. Bhikkhu U Thittila.

I.C.A. Discussion on "The Functions of an Institute of Contemporary Arts Centre." Chairman: J. M. Richards. Admission free. All welcome. 8 p.m. Tues., April 18, at 34 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. TEM. 6261. Ram Gopal, a Lecture Demonstration of Indian Classical Dancing. Mon., April 17, till Sun., April 23. 8 p.m. Full Club Membership now one guinea.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Thurs., April 20, at 8 p.m. "General Aspects of Satirical Art." Illustrated lecture by Joss (of the "Star"). Non-mems. 1s.

HAMPSTEAD Friends Meeting Hse., 120 Heath St. N.W.3. April 18, 8 p.m. "New Patterns in China." Spkr.: Horace Holden.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

STEPHEN Swingler. "Parliamentary Government & Current Affairs." 8 lectures beg. Thurs., April 20, 7.45 p.m. Fee for course 2s. 6d. Manor Hse. Centre, Crayford. Bexleyheath 1463. Partics. and full syllabus: Warden.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled "Linguistic and Literary Aspects of the Russian Byliny" will be given by Professor Gunnar Gunnarson (Uppsala) at 5 p.m. on April 25 and 27, at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies (Masaryk Hall), (entrance from Malet Street, W.C.1). Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Life and Religion in Ancient Iran" will be given by Professor Kai Barr (Copenhagen) at 5.30 p.m., on April 24, 25 and 26, at School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free.

PEARSON Foundation College—Special Week-End Conference on "Child Education." April 22-23. Write Registrar, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, for syllabus.

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PORTUGUESE. Evening Classes for students at all stages April 19-June 23. Details from: Portuguese Language Committee, 4 Upper Berkeley St., London, W.1.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Square). Summer Term begins May 8. Classes for Beginners & Students of all grades. Individual tuition. All partics. from Secretary. Tel.: Holborn 6770.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

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